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THE WESLEYS IN GEORGIA

Water Colors by Floyd A. Johnson

Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families September 1957

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Established in 1826 as CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

"Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? . . Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship."

John Wesley (1703-1791)

SEPTEMBER 15, 1957 ***Vol. 1, No. 12***

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How times have changed! The lad's generosity takes us back to the days when it took three sausage-biscuit sandwiches to get a banana on the schoolhouse market. We'd swap the other way now—but if the lunch box is different, young appetites remain the same. Our cover photo is by J. Mechling.

CHARLES WESLEY

He put music in Methodism

"He wrote a hymn 24 hours after his conversion and dictated a hymn on his deathbed; in between he filled the air with the words and lilt of more than 6,500 hymns."

So author Charles Ferguson tells us in a story on page 23 of this issue. This recent portrait, commemorating his 250th anniversary, is by the famous English portraitist Frank O. Salisbury and was commissioned by Dr. Elmer T. Clark, American secretary of the World Methodist Council. It will soon hang in the Council headquarters, Lake Junaluska, N. C.

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San Francisco Area NEWS of Your Church in Action

Bishop Donald H. Tippett
83 McAllister Street, San Francisco 2, Calif.

Pacific Japanese

California–Nevada

Editor: Winston H. Taylor
83 McAllister Street, San Francisco 2, Calif.

Wilfred McCoy

ining hall and bathhouse at the new, shady California-Nevada Conference camp-rounds near St. Helena. The fence at far left encloses the swimming pool.

Conference Buys 620-acre Resort

Campground area for California-Nevada onference was expanded tremendously August with the purchase of a 620-re resort property near St. Helena, co-cident with sale of the 22-acre Clear ake Camp.

The new campground was placed in e immediately following its consecra-on Aug. 31 by Bishop Tippett, and more an a dozen church groups had booked for use this fall.

California-Nevada Methodist Camps, c., purchased for $85,000 the large new rounds, which include sleeping and din-g facilities for at least 125 persons, and 35 by 85-foot swimming pool. Only 5 miles north of San Francisco, it will e available year-round.

In charge of the grounds will be the me board of managers as at Clear Lake, eaded by Dr. R. K. Atkinson of Petaluma. filo Barnhart will transfer to the new mp as resident manager, according to Vilfred A. McCoy, Jr., conference camp-rounds co-ordinator.

The site is three miles west of St. Helena nd has been used as a resort for more nan a century. It is well known as White ulphur Springs Resort.

The Clear Lake property was sold for rivate development. It was bought three ears ago for $50,000.

The camp corporation also co-ordinates he development of grounds at Mount hasta and of those owned by Methodist ssociations at Skylandia on Lake Tahoe, ierra near Shaver Lake, and Monte oyon near Santa Cruz.

Conference camping enrollment grew from 1,600 in 1950 to more than 3,300 in 1956.

Men Meet in November

Preliminary plans for the annual conference Methodist Men's Convocation at Mount Hermon, Nov. 1-3, were announced recently by James Bett, general chairman.

Theme this year will be concerned with "togetherness" and with Christians' responsibility to live as Christians in the sight of other persons. The convocation is to be for the men only.

Bett, a member of Calvary Church, San Francisco, is executive secretary of Oakland Goodwill Industries.

• The fall retreat of Shasta District Methodist Men has been set for Sept. 20-22 at Butte Meadows, according to Curtis W. Tarr, district lay leader. Theme will be "Conviction in the Work Place."

• One of the most popular song leaders at the National Conference of Methodist Men at Purdue University was Edward Stallings of Taylor Memorial Church, Oakland.

Other area men who attended the meeting (in addition to those listed in the August supplement) included: Charles Tuttle, Sevastopol; Clay Long, Concord; Walter Sizer, Castro Valley; Henry Parker, Sparks, Nev.; Robert W. Moore, Park Side Church, San Francisco; T. F. Sadler, Los Banos; and the Rev. John McMath, Rio Linda.

Bishop to Go Overseas for Tour of Orient

It's off to the Orient this month for Bishop and Mrs. Tippett of the San Francisco Area. They will leave Sept. 22 on a quadrennial overseas assignment by the Council of Bishops, and will return about Jan. 5.

After departing from San Francisco airport, Bishop and Mrs. Tippett will stop briefly at Honolulu and Tokyo en route to Seoul, Korea. Their itinerary in the Far East will include: Sept. 25-Oct. 21, Korea; Oct. 21-Nov. 20, Japan, including an armed services chaplains' school Nov. 4-7; Nov. 20-26, Okinawa; Nov. 26-Dec. 15, Formosa; Dec. 15-23, Hong Kong; and Dec. 23-31, Okinawa, for a preaching mission under the auspices of Capt. Hansel Tower, chaplain for the Third Marine Division.

This is the third such trip for Bishop and Mrs. Tippett, who went to Southeast Asia in 1949-50 and to Africa in 1952-53. The purpose of the overseas journeys is to represent The Methodist Church in the United States and to carry information to missionaries and Methodists in other lands, as well as to bring back information about missionary work.

Elected to National Post

New president of the National Conference of Methodist Youth is John Corson of Modesto, immediate past president of California-Nevada Conference MYF.

Son of Dr. and Mrs. James H. Corson, First Church, Modesto, John was elected to a two-year term as head of the national group at its annual meeting in Denver.

This fall he will enter theological seminary to prepare for the ministry.

145 at Pastors' Schools

Attendance at this year's conference Pastors' School climbed to 113, while 32 participated in the Western Jurisdiction Supply Pastors' Summer School.

After the supply pastors' month-long session, nine students had completed studies to qualify for ordination. One of them was Mrs. Samuel Paulding of Klamath, Calif., one of three women enrolled.

The supply pastors also heard special talks by Prof. Harold S. Jacoby, recently returned from a year in Japan, and President Robert E. Burns, back from a tour of Europe and Russia. Both are from College of the Pacific where the schools were conducted.

Church Building Booms

Latest developments on building programs in San Francisco Area churches include the following:

Campbell Church began construction of its second new building, the first of two educational units. The 7,900 square feet of educational space is due for use by January. The church relocated and consecrated its new sanctuary unit little over a year ago.

After underwriting more than $200,000 in a building fund campaign, **Los Altos Church** has plans ready for a sanctuary with educational and office wings, the third unit for the seven-year-old congregation. A decision as to building procedure, in the light of possible freeway development through the property, is to be made soon.

A parsonage purchased for about $20,000 was consecrated June 30 for **Los Gatos Church.** The congregation has decided to continue at the location it has occupied for more than 90 years and to develop a building program to serve its growth.

By exceeding its campaign goal with pledges of $54,000, **College Avenue Church, Palo Alto,** has assured construction of a new sanctuary beginning this fall. The sanctuary, first unit in the building expansion program, will be adjacent to the fellowship hall, face Cambridge Ave., and will seat 350 persons. Chairman of the building committee is Henry Koenig and Robert Kavinoky is campaign committee chairman.

Spurred by the condemning of its sanctuary following a July fire, the congregation of **St. Paul's Church, San Jose,** has voted to proceed with construction of a $250,000 plant on a new site, at 10th and San Fernando. It will include a 400-seat sanctuary, social hall, classrooms, and parlor. The combined St. Paul's-Centella congregation meets at the Centella building and now worships in Menker Hall there.

Wesley Church, San Jose, has begun an expansion program with the purchase of two adjoining lots, costing $14,000.

Santa Clara Church has voted to relocate on a four-acre site at Alice Dr. and Harrison St., some eight blocks from the present church.

A new parsonage for **Grace Church, Santa Cruz,** was occupied in July. The $15,000 home is at 108 Belvedere Terrace.

Methodist Men of **Christ Church, Santa Maria,** spent the summer building a three-bedroom, $15,000 parsonage two blocks from the church. Tak Shigenaka supervised the volunteer project.

Consecration for the new fellowship hall and church-school building of **Santa Rosa Church** was conducted Aug. 18 by Bishop Tippett. This is the second phase of a building program begun with relocation in 1951. The fellowship hall will seat 450 for meals.

• California-Nevada Conference has received word that the current building project of **Grant Street Church, Spokane,** will receive $25,000 from this conference through the Division of National Missions. Each year California-Nevada contributes 10 per cent of its receipts for church extension for use in Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference. These funds have totaled $26,595 the last three years.

Central Church, Stockton, has sold for $105,000 the downtown church and site which it has occupied for over 60 years. It must give way to a bank by next July. Ground will be broken this fall for an educational building and fellowship hall on a new site opposite College of the Pacific in north Stockton.

A new kitchen has been consecrated at **Wapato Church,** built by church men.

The William Geerts family from Breda, Holland, has arrived in Petaluma under the sponsorship of the Methodist commission on missions. Commission chairwoman is Mrs. D. G. Baugh. With their four children, the couple is living and working on a ranch.

Youth Workers to Meet

Current and prospective workers with youth are being called to the second annual convocation of the Fellowship of Adult Workers with Youth, Oct. 25-27 at Mission Springs.

Featured speaker will be the Rev. Robert C. Leslie, associate professor of pastoral psychology and counseling at Pacific School of Religion. Age group work sessions, skills workshops, and discussions are on the program.

Planning chairman is Mrs. James Fakkema of First Church, Redwood City. Working with her is the Rev. Robert M. McCallister, associate director of youth work for the sponsoring conference Board of Education.

Honored at a church fellowship for 50 or more years of service each to Shattuck Avenue Church, Oakland were, from left, Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Jacoby, Mrs. E. D. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Egleston, and Mrs. Melvina Bennett, not in the picture.

Oldest Church Celebrates

The 105th anniversary of California's oldest Protestant church building in continuous use was celebrated Aug. 25 at Downieville.

In the heart of the gold fields, Downieville gained a Methodist church when the Rev. Robert R. Dunlap was appointed in 1851. By Oct. 9, 1852, the local paper noted that the congregation had erected "a very commodius and comfortable church."

Launch 6 New Churches

Launching of new congregations was a bigger-than-usual business this summer in California-Nevada Conference, as six churches held their first services or were about to be born. Pastors were appointed to all at annual conference.

All are made possible by the combination of interest of local people and by the church extension and missionary salary program financed by conference benevolence apportionments.

Four of the six will use property purchased with Bishop's Trail Blazers funds. The new churches then will buy the land, since the Trail Blazers is a revolving fund. New sites are at Milpitas, Stockton, Sunnyvale and Vallejo.

Here are the reports to date:

Chico—The community's second Methodist church, Aldersgate, has five acres of land, plus a parsonage-meeting hall. The site northeast of Chico will have one adjacent street named Wesley Way. The Rev. James H. Corson anticipated that the first service would be in mid-September. A steering committee is being headed by Curtis Tarr, Shasta District lay leader.

Milpitas—Since the coming of a gigantic Ford assembly plant, the Milpitas area has mushroomed. First pastor there is the Rev. Braxton L. Combs, who also continues to serve Roselawn Church, San Jose. Named Sunnyhills, the project started Aug. 25 with a Sunday school, and worship services were held later. Present meetings are in an old airplane hangar, but the new church property is three acres in Sunnyhills tract, a United Auto Workers union experiment in a racially-integrated community.

San Ramon Valley—Several miles south of its nearest neighbor, Walnut Creek, this congregation organized with 36 charter members on July 7, had 20 more a month later, and has set a goal of 236 for next June. Some of the members were commissioned out of Walnut Creek Church, including Noble F. Justice, an associate district lay leader, and Wilbur F. Jacoby, active on several conference boards.

The Rev. Ervin C. Tipton (center), pastor of Wayside Church, Vallejo, stands in the midst of his congregation after holding the first service in their new church building.

Services are being held in the San Ramon Valley chapel in Danville until they can be moved to the five-acre property between Danville and Alamo. Ground-breaking for chapel, classrooms, offices and kitchen was Sept. 1, and a large parsonage was to be moved onto the new site.

Stockton—As yet unnamed, the new church in northern Stockton had its formal start Sept. 8 with consecration of its four-acre site on Hammer Lane and with the opening of its church school on Sept. 15. A wayside cross at the site was dedicated. Pastor will be the Rev. Joseph W. Moore, who is continuing to serve St. Peter's Church, Stockton. The project is a co-operative venture of the present Stockton churches.

Sunnyvale—For the fourth time in less than a decade, Deaconess Dorothy Gleason has led in the starting of a new church, this time Lakewood on the edge of Sunnyvale. Services and church school in the center of 1,700 new homes began July 7. Twenty-three persons became charter members on Aug. 3, only six of them Methodists previously.

Nearly 50 are attending church and an average of 50 attend Sunday school in the parsonage. Building on the five-acre site at Sandia and Oak Creek Way is to be started later this year. First chairman of the official board is Victor W. Wellings.

Vallejo—Charter day is planned for late September at the new Wayside Church in eastern Vallejo, where services began July 7 with the Rev. Ervin C. Tipton as pastor. Meetings are now held in Castlewood Park Community Club.

Participating in "Mission to Mexico" were, from left (front) Mona Vaughn, Jeanne Gansell, Mrs. Douglas Henderson, Marielle Tsukamoto, and Noel Clemmons; and (back) the Rev. Lloyd Lafler, Ronald Reese, the Rev. Douglas H. Henderson, Jim Ball, and Elwin Stocking. This was the sixth year for the California-Nevada Conference trip.

Youth on Mexico Mission

Seven California-Nevada youths visited Methodist projects in Mexico and participated in a rural work camp during August.

This was the sixth year of the conference youth division's "Mission to Mexico." Participating were Mona Vaughn of Downs-Oakland; Jeanne Gansell, Centenary-Modesto; Ronald Reese, Trinity-Bakersfield; Marielle Tsukamoto, Florin; Noel Clemmons, Albany; Jim Ball, Brentwood; and Elwin Stocking, Napa.

Guest on 'Faith' Series

A highly qualified series of speakers will continue the *Faith of Our Fathers* broadcasts during Bishop Tippett's absence, according to the area Public Relations and Promotion Commission.

During September the first guest speaker on the weekly radio program will be Dr. E. Stanley Jones, renowned missionary, writer, and lecturer.

Outline WSCS Workshop

With another successful School of Missions and Christian Service in the record, WSCS leaders are preparing to participate in a regional promotion workshop at Burlingame, Oct. 1-3.

The 12th annual school at Stockton had 326 in full-time attendance, with 313 receiving credit course cards, according to Mrs. James Catterall of North Sacramento, dean and conference secretary for Christian social relations.

In addition to the study course and workshops, program features included a report by Mrs. Pauline Noll of Central Church, Stockton, on the Washington churchmen's seminar.

The regional workshop, one of ten in the country, will be for conference and district officers—president, vice-president, Guild secretary, and promotion secretary —from California-Nevada, Oregon, Southern California-Arizona, and Pacific Japanese Provisional Conferences.

The workshops are designed to refresh leaders in WSCS work and purpose, to further understanding of human relations problems, to develop insight into the potentialities of leadership, to provide opportunity to practice skills of working with others, and to implement using this learning in local churches. All who attend will be expected to establish similar workshops on the local level.

Mrs. F. W. Batten of Dos Palos, Western Jurisdiction secretary for promotion, is taking special training this month to have charge of the workshop program at Burlingame. Mrs. Donald Bogie of First Church, Redwood City, is in charge of local arrangements.

Area Records 4 Deaths

A widely-known layman, a retired missionary, and two retired conference ministers died recently.

The Rev. Samuel Paulding, former pastor at Earlimart, died July 5 at Klamath, where Mrs. Paulding is now supply pastor. He was a retired member of Kansas Conference.

Death came Aug. 9 to the Rev. Henry James, retired supply pastor at his home in San Jose.

Known as "the Hoover of China" and long a friend of missionaries in the Orient, Dr. John Earl Baker of Mill Valley died July 27. He had spent nearly 40 years in China as adviser to government agencies, director of the Red Cross in the 1920's, and in several other capacities before being recalled in 1948 as a member of the Joint Commission on Rural Reconstruction on Formosa. A long-time member of Mill Valley Church, Baker had served as conference lay member, official board chairman, chairman of the commission on membership and evangelism, and president of Methodist Men. A frequent speaker before the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco, he had written a message which was read to the club after his death.

Miss H. Louise Perry, (left) outgoing director of the Mary Elizabeth Inn, San Francisco business girls home, explains procedures to her successor, Mrs. Ida Lou Ragland.

Mrs. Frank Herron Smith, 77, wife of the former superintendent of Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference, died Aug. 18 at their home in Glendale, Calif. She had been ill for four years, but was able to visit this year's conference session in a wheelchair. Dr. and Mrs. Smith went to Japan as missionaries in 1905 and to Korea in 1914. They returned in 1926 to Berkeley, where he was DS until 1946.

St. Mark's Members Cited

Both national and community honors came this summer to members of St. Mark's Church, Stockton.

Miss Joyce Wong, 17, a member of the MYF, won second place in the annual nationwide "most valuable student contest" sponsored by the Elks Lodge. Her award of $900 will be added to a scholarship from University of California and will enable her to study mathematics. She also won national awards in Latin competition among high-school students.

Dr. Dora Lee (Mrs. Richard H. Wong) was acclaimed "citizen of the month" in June by Stockton Civitan Club. She was cited for her work as a physician, youth leader, and church laywoman. She has served St. Mark's in several capacities, currently as chairman of the board of trustees, and also is a member of the conference Board of Hospitals and Homes.

Maxine Hong received honors for a newspaper editorial and her column in an annual high school journalism contest sponsored by the Stockton Local, American Newspaper Guild. The Edison High School paper of which she was editor won the guild's sweepstakes award.

Set Youth Gatherings

With the theme, "We Belong Together," junior high school youth of California-Nevada Conference will participate Oct. 12 and 19 in a series of Christian Adventure Days.

Nearly a score of gatherings, for which scheduling was not complete at press time, will provide fellowship, recreation, worship, and learning experiences. The sessions are to be scattered throughout the conference to allow all local groups to attend.

Meant for 7th, 8th, and 9th graders and their adult counselors, the programs will be held from 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m.

More than 1,500 youth attended Christian Adventure Days in 1956, according to the Rev. Robert M. McCallister.

Margaret Lynn Fisher, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Elliott L. Fisher of San Jose, and John Richard Balch were married Aug. 17 at First Church, San Jose. the couple will reside in San Jose.

Recent pastoral appointments by Bishop Tippett include George Warman to Ferndale, added to his charge at Cutten, and Ray Lawrence to Elmira, involving division the Vacaville-Elmira Circuit.

William D. Porter will be director of Wesley Foundation at the University of California in Berkeley this year. Porter grew up in Berkeley and was conference MYF president. He is a graduate of the University of California and Pacific School of Religion, where he was doing further study when hospitalized with tuberculosis last winter. He was a three-year missionary in Japan. Porter is the son of the Robert R. Porters of Epworth Church, Berkeley.

Heading a 72-member general committee to plan a national evangelistic convocation next July in Washington, D. C., is the Rev. Donald H. Baldwin, executive secretary of the conference Board of Evangelism. He will meet with the group Oct. 15-16.

CHARLES WESLEY. MA. 1708 1788
Frank O. Salisbury

Together

ANNOUNCES A PUBLISHING FIRST FOR THE ***OCTOBER*** FIRST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE...

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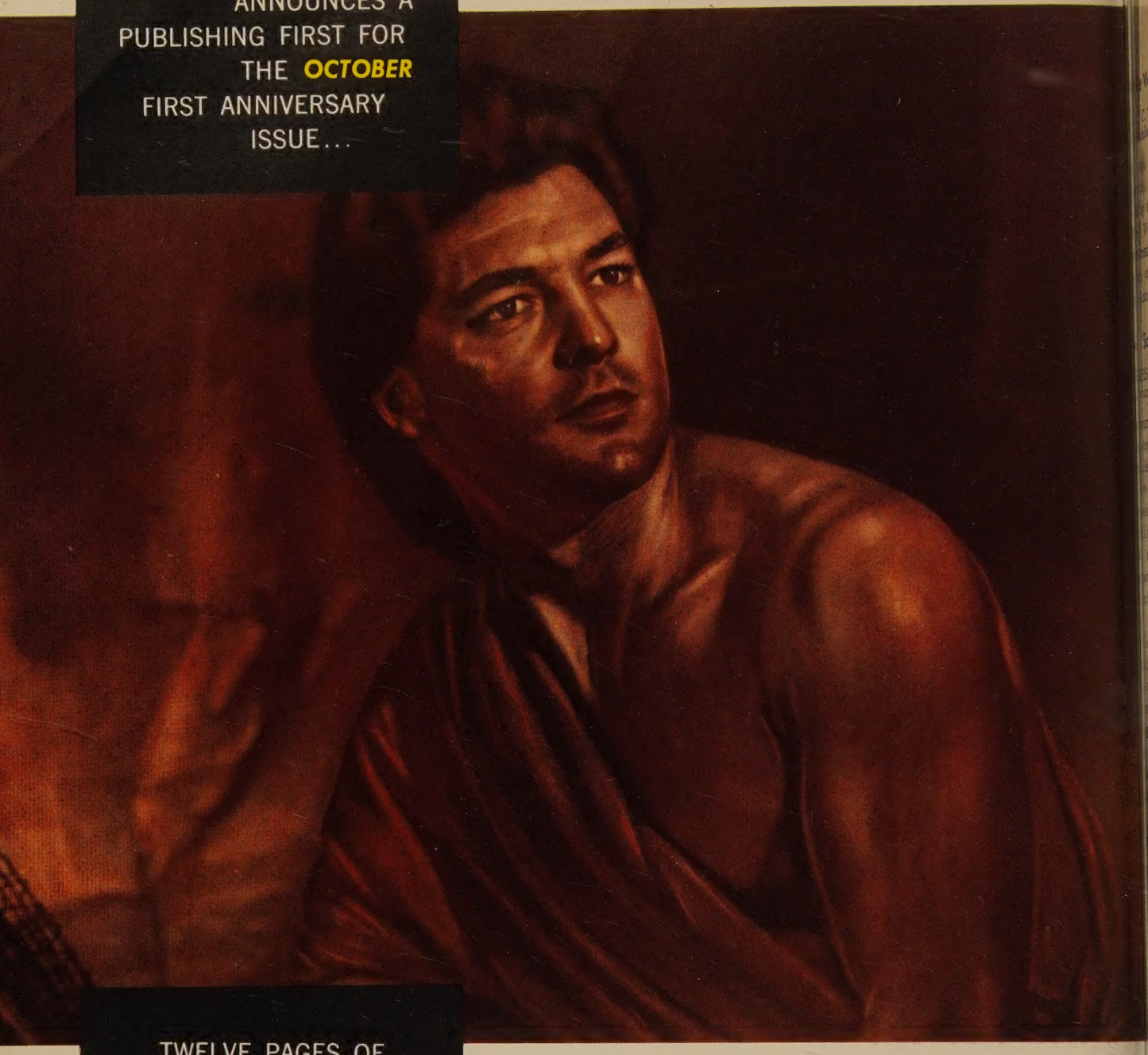

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Together

The midmonth magazine for Methodist families

740 NORTH RUSH STREET, CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

Selected Bits from Your

Letters

Very Proud' of It

C. 'JACK' ROGERS
alia, Mo.

m wondering just how far our h magazine TOGETHER will go in y to attract attention on the front We are just not very proud to call HER our church magazine. One of these [July] covers and you ancel our subscription.

Scriptural Justification

S. EDNA DREWS
ox, Ind.

m puzzled about your choice for over page. In this generation you efinitely "dated" if you do not ap- of shorts, or you may be labeled culiar. But I can't find any scrip- text that advocates a sexy sweater shorts. Young and old alike have ne so absorbed in "being com- le and cool" that the words "pride decency" are obsolete. We can be rn and remain faithful and still mfortable.

e degree of our physical coolness registers the depth of our spiritual erature. A Christian publication as as TOGETHER certainly should have rial available that exemplifies fam- n in *Christian* living.

n't Send It to India

RS. CHARLES BEATTY
lumbus, Ind.

see the family so attired on the of a religious magazine—Well, to t is sickening. I have been sending copies to a family in India. I am med to send this issue, unless I tear he cover.

uty and the Beach . . .

ILLIAM B. SIMONS, *Ass't. Pastor ck Haven Parish, Pa.*

am prouder with each issue. Con- ulations on what must be the first ial recognition of the attractiveness emale limbs in the history of Meth- m. That took pluck! . . . It's good now that you don't see anything oral about a Christian mother at the h. A beautiful woman is even more tiful when she's *together* with her ily.

udery Isn't Christianity'

EV. ROGER G. BROWN, *Pastor idgebury, N.Y.*

ongratulations for your fine maga- and especially for the July cover. To me, it symbolizes the need that TOGETHER is filling—that of a publication for today's Methodist family. Prudery and Christianity are not synonymous, though I fear as a church it has taken us a long time to realize this.

The family you have pictured is typical of many young families seen in church on Sunday morning. Modern people, not Puritans, looking for an eternal God to guide them in a modern world. TOGETHER shows our folks that Christian living is really a lot of fun, and not a bit old fashioned. To conclude on a note of John Wesley's, sour godliness is still the devil's religion.

To Disagree a Bit Is Human

R. W. STOUFFER
Latrobe, Pa.

I have been a member of The Methodist Church for 57 years and a reader of several of our church magazines. I look forward each month for my TOGETHER and surely am pleased with the front cover. I have saved some for future use as well as mailed some of the magazines to friends.

Occasionally we disagree with some articles, but that is normal for humans.

Replace 'Star Spangled Banner'?

CARL D. SOULE, *Field Secretary*
Board of World Peace
The Methodist Church

Re: *America the Beautiful,* color pictorial [August, page 34]. The hymn *America the Beautiful* deserves to be exalted as our national anthem. It certainly has more religious quality than *The Star-Spangled Banner.*

Perhaps you know that the Board of World Peace of the Wisconsin Conference promoted memorials at the last general conference urging that our church favor the substitution of *America the Beautiful* for *The Star-Spangled Banner* as the national anthem.

A Pat and a Push for Gaskill

CHAPLAIN L. McRAE
Portland 13, Ore.

I keenly appreciate the articles dealing with military personnel, especially the twin articles by Gordon Gaskill on *How Bad (and Good) Are GIs Abroad?* [June, page 13; July, page 20]. If I were to criticize the articles, it would be to say that Gaskill gives no credit to the chaplains who have spearheaded many programs to challenge the personnel to be more benevolent with their time, tithes, and talents.

We as chaplains are trying to carry

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the work of the local home church re military personnel *"come from."*

es, we agree. Author Gaskill didn't ar enough in praise of the worthy k done by chaplains.—EDS.

unseling Starts at Home

RS. CATHERINE JOHNSON
orty Fort, Pa.

egarding the *Midmonth Powwow* y, page 23], I, too, should like to an answer to the question about servicemen. I like D. Stewart Pat-on's views on preparing our service-by pre-induction counseling. I also eve that if one of the parents could receive counseling before the serv-nen leave our country, maybe we ld reach these boys.

weitzer Article 'Tremendous'

R. HAROLD W. RUOPP, *Minister-t-large, Minneapolis 4, Minn.*

ames Doty's article, *My Visit With ert Schweitzer* [July, page 34], is nendous. I am grateful to him for ting it and to you for publishing it.

tive' Now a Bad Word

OBERT S. LAUBACH, *Lecturer yracuse University yracuse, N.Y.*

'd like to compliment you on the rfully illustrated and generally apathetic article on Dr. Schweitzer. However, one thing startles me. That he frequent use of the word "native" an adjective and a noun . . . Perhaps do not realize that "native" has en on a meaning full of bigotry and erred superiority on the part of the er . . .

Of course, you do not mean it that y. But many missionaries, and es-cially our African friends who read ur magazine, will take it that way. is a word one expects to see in a n's adventure magazine, but hardly TOGETHER. . . .

The word "national" is now widely ed instead of "native." Even better, it recommended we use "African."

otnote for Schweitzer Article

EVA L. DUNN
Chicago Heights, Ill.

May I question a statement made in *y Visit With Albert Schweitzer?* He ys that Dr. Schweitzer is 82, which ould indicate that Doty visited him 1957. Later Mr. Doty mentions meet-g Mrs. Schweitzer there in a nurse's iform. I thought that she was living Alsace with their daughter and her mily until her death this spring.

Yes, Dr. Schweitzer is now 82. Author oty visited him in 1955 at Lambarene hen Mrs. Schweitzer was there.—EDS.

Laymen Thrill This Minister

NUELL C. CRAIN, *Pastor*
St. Paul Methodist Church
Muskogee, Okla.

These Amazing Laymen by Paul Friggens [July, page 10] is the kind of article that every Methodist ought to read.

Few of us realize what wonderful things are happening in our Methodism and how laymen are doing most of them. It is a thrilling thing to see laymen "on the march for Christ and his church." Such an article ought to stir the imagination of laymen and ministers and lead them to "go thou and do likewise."

'Right Idea'

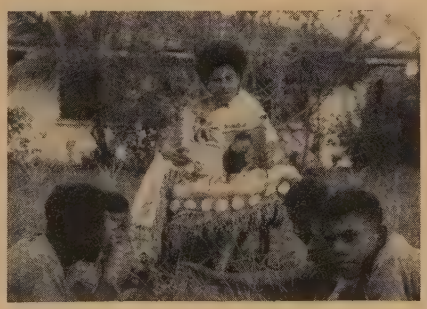
LYNDON B. PHIFER, *Assoc. Ed., Editorial Division, Board of Education Nashville, Tenn.*

I am glad to have the opportunity to express my conviction that your staff has the right idea in presenting both sides of contemporary problems . . .

'All Fijians Are Methodists'

K. APPASAMY, *Headmaster*
All Saints' School
Labasa, Fiji

Herewith I enclose a snapshot of Fijians enjoying your splendid magazine. Ladua Palu, the girl reading TOGETHER, is a probation teacher, and the



TOGETHER *in faraway Fiji.*

Fijian children are part of her class—because she teaches Fijian to all classes. All Fijians are Methodists (Australian). When Fijian chieftains sought the protection of the British and ceded their country, they embraced Christianity *en masse.*

An 80-year-oldster Speaks Up!

MRS. GRACE WHITE NEWBY
Greencastle, Ind.

Phyllis W. Heald wrote of *The Luxury of Being Fifty* [July, page 31] but here's one who, at 80, feels she can go one better. We feel we have learned so much more in the last 30 years that we were, by comparison, juvenile at 50! Every decade has brought wonderful knowledge of what is going on in this

"CARILLON AMERICANA"

1957 marked a rare event in musical history: the introduction of an entirely *new* instrument.

It happened at Florida's famed Singing Tower, with the first "Carillon Americana."*

Like fine old-world carillons, the new "Carillon Americana" produces bell music of surpassing beauty. Unlike cast-bell carillons, however, it is easy for an artist to play. The carillonneur, like an organist, sits at a console, where he commands 61 separate bell-notes, each with traditional bell-metal tone. Moreover, and *exclusively* with the "Carillon Americana," the artist can now add new tone colors in the enchanting voices of the plucked harp and silvery celesta!

Never before has open-air music been so varied. Never before has a carillonneur been able, as he plays, to adjust the harmonic content of each note and chord.

An ingenious control at the keyboard makes possible this new aid to creative interpretation.

The first "Carillon Americana" will be followed by others, in cultural centers here and abroad. This instrument brings a still wider choice to those interested in fine carillon music for church, chapel, cathedral, school or college. Among Schulmerich instruments ranging from the majestic "Carillon Americana" to automatic single-bell instruments, you will find the answer to your requirements. Write today!

Schulmerich Carillons, Inc.
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CARILLONS

(ADVERTISEMENT)

How 280,000 people at General Electric benefit from its progress

More than 200,000 new jobs have been created since 1939; pay and benefits are up far in excess of the cost of living

In the last two decades employment at General Electric has been increasing at a rate six times as fast as in the nation as a whole, and the company is now providing jobs for over 280,000 men and women.

These are good jobs, and they are getting better. In 1939, the average General Electric employee earned $2,026 a year including the value of benefit programs. Today he earns well over 2½ times as much, and that includes a broad package of pension, insurance, vacation, holiday, and other benefits that give him better economic security and personal satisfaction.

Jobs from serving customers

One significant force behind this progress for employees is the desire of everyone at General Electric to attract and serve customers.

This means, for example, a continuing investment in research and development to assure a constant stream of new and improved products. In this area, General Electric is spending more than three times as much, per sales dollar, as the average manufacturing company.

In this process, many new jobs have been created. We estimate that over one-third of the men and women at General Electric work on products the company did not make in 1939. And thousands more jobs were created as existing products were continually improved — improvements that attracted new customers and made electricity still more useful in American homes, farms, and industries.

Jobs through planning ahead

Progress for employees is spurred, too, when General Electric takes the risks necessary to expand and modernize productive facilities.

The willingness of 376,000 share owners to continue modernization and expansion programs means that General Electric is investing more than $500 million in the period 1956 through 1958 — an investment to serve customers better that can, in turn, create even more employment opportunities and greater job security.

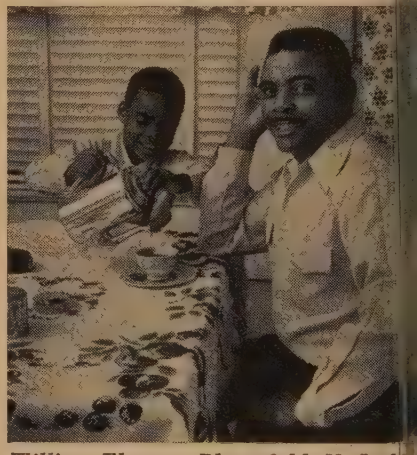
On these pages are some of the ways General Electric is trying not only to improve the jobs of all the men and women of the company, but also to offer more of the personal satisfactions that mean a better life for them and their families.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

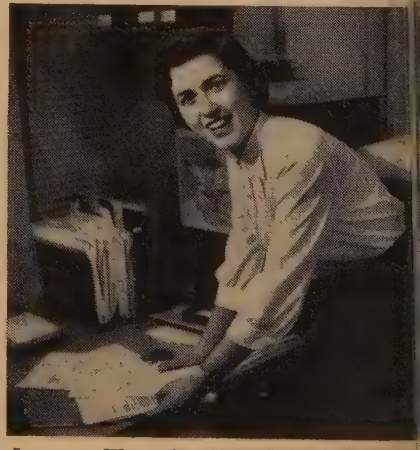
Harry Bowers, toolmaker at Schene uses skills developed by in-plant tra

Opportunities for self-develop People at General Electric are encou to develop themselves to their max ability. For example, the company



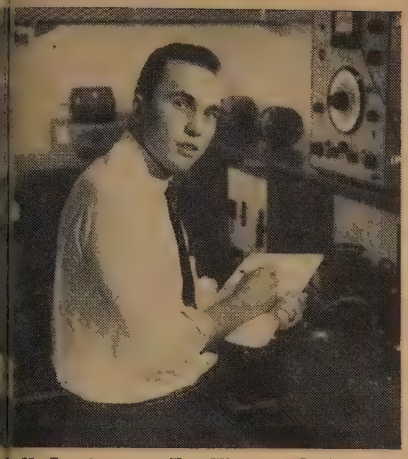
William Thomas, Bloomfield, N. J., h good start toward family financial secu

Aid toward family protection. Under eral Electric's insurance plan, emplo also can have life insurance and inc protection in case of sickness or acci



Jeanette Wenzel at Evendale, O., is acq ing shares in the company she works

Employee share ownership. The Gene Electric Savings and Stock Bonus P offers employees the opportunity to beco share owners. 150,000 are participati



ell Lepisto at Ft. Wayne, Ind., gets professional training in engineering.

s over 1,000 courses in factory skills, courses for technical and profession- rsonnel, and spends about $40 million year to train or to retrain employees.

Jennie Barlow has a better work area, more light since modernization at Everett, Mass.

Clean, safe place to work. General Electric is constantly engaged in studies and investment to make working conditions in plants cleaner, safer — and more efficient.

David Goldstein, Lynn, Mass.: G-E group insurance paid $8,000 of his medical bills.

Assistance in meeting medical expenses. By paying part of the cost, General Electric offers employees and their families an inexpensive medical insurance plan.

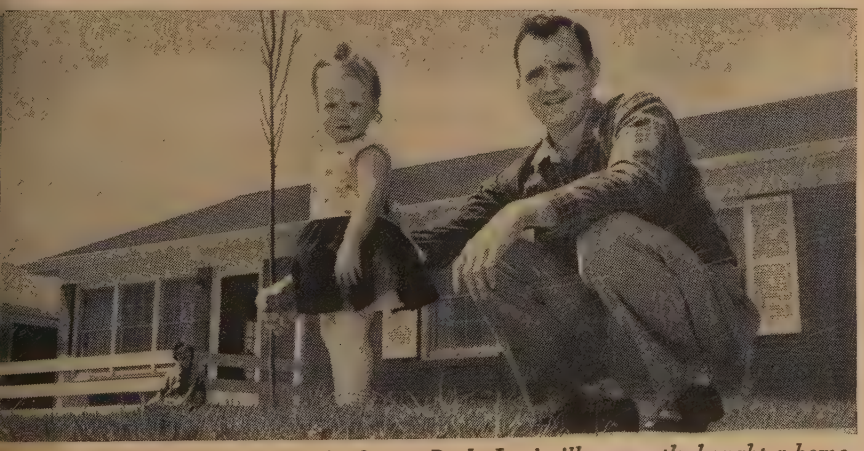
ce Glenn and his wife welcome his 70 suggestion award at Richland, Wash.

ard for good ideas. Over $7 million been paid to General Electric men women for constructive ideas since our gestion Plan was formalized in 1922.

Thomas Marshall, sales engineer at Baltimore, represents G.E. to electric utilities.

James Creamer is now manager of finance for an $11 million operation at Syracuse.

Positions of responsibility. For those employees who want and can handle increased responsibilities, General Electric offers opportunities in a wide variety of fields. In an average year, more than 25,000 men and women take advantage of company-conducted courses that are designed to help prepare employees for more responsible jobs.



on Hall, maintenance man at Appliance Park, Louisville, recently bought a home. wife's new kitchen includes many electrical appliances made where he works.

her real pay. Compensation at General Electric is interpreted broadly to include only monetary returns, but also the value of benefit programs. Since 1939, the rise verage annual earnings (wages and benefits) of the people at General Electric is in excess of the rise in the cost of living. Average earnings set a new record in 1956.

Stanley Sullivan, Erie, Pa., is retired and has more time for his hobby, ceramics.

Help toward retirement security. General Electric's pension plan, to which both employees and the company contribute, was substantially improved again in 1955.

COMMEMORATIVE PLATES

DINNERWARE

COMMEMORATIVE PLATES made by the W. C. Bunting Co. are fast becoming the largest selling item of their kind in the country. Churches, hospitals and colleges, all over the nation, are acclaiming these picture plates tops in design, color and beauty.

This spiritual memento picturing your church will sell wherever seen! Ideal for use for fund raising church projects as well as dedications, centennials, anniversaries or commemoration of any special event.

CHURCH DINNERWARE by Bunting is available in either heavy, hotel and restaurant weight or in regular weight. Your Church dinnerware set will be decorated to your specifications and includes the name of your Church and your choice of color on bands.

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world of ours—growing smaller every day, in spite of its magnitude. So let not the 50-year-olds think they have reached the zenith.

Immortality . . . an Issue

J. E. PERSHING
Knoxville, Tenn.

I take issue with R. C. Puffer's assertion in *Light Unto My Path* [June, page 51] on Psalm 103:17: "The only immortality the ancient Hebrew knew anything about is expressed in this verse."

The Bible does not say so. Had the Hebrews traveled so far away from the faith of Abraham, who looked for a city with foundations (Heb. 11:10)? What about Hebrews 11:13-16? Does Mr. Puffer think Moses was not possessed with a faith in the life beyond the grave?

What did the ancient Hebrews mean by being gathered to their people? How about the expression of David after the death of his child, "I will go to him"?

True, we should be thankful that Jesus came and gave us a fuller revelation with the assurance: "I go to prepare a place for you." . . .

Cards From 46 States . . .

DANIEL V. TAYLOR
Newport, Del.

Thank you for putting my name in TOGETHER [*What's Your Hobby*, May, page 64]. Since then I have received about 30 cards and letters.

My hobby has been wonderful. So far I have 200 postcards from 46 U.S. states and 17 countries.

Testimony . . . 'Heart-stirring'

ROBERT O. WALLACE, *Pastor*
Howard Street Methodist Church
Hagerstown, Md.

Of all the many good things in TOGETHER, I feel that the articles on Personal Testimony are most heart-stirring. In these articles we clearly see Christianity in action. I especially appreciated *I Am Not Afraid* [June, page 11].

Wesley—'Truly Great Preacher'

SAMUEL E. BOYS, *Editor*
Plymouth Pilot-News
Plymouth, Ind.

I have been a lifelong Methodist and have heard a lot about John Wesley, but never got clearly in mind just what he did and his wide influence on England and the world until I read *Circuit Rider of the Centuries* [May, page 12]. It was fine and presented Wesley as a truly great preacher and reformer.

Of special interest also was *Hong Kong: Peephole in the Bamboo Curtain* [May, page 34]. Never before had I got any information that our church was doing such splendid Christian work this. Such articles are wholesome, po erful influences for the religion wh we profess.

Peattie—'Blasphemy!'

MRS. C. A. BROWN
Plymouth, Ind.

In his article, *Sinless and Godle* [July, page 26] Donald Culross Peatt charges with hollow sentimentality blasphemy, even—the man who wro the widely-loved little poem of wo ship, *Trees*. But when he says th "trees are made only by trees," seems to be scoffing at the mystery life, as if there were no God at all be hind it. That is as bad as taking th name of the Lord in vain.

Praise for Peattie

MRS. WALTER REAMS
Punxsutawney, Pa.

I would like to know if Donald C Peattie has more articles or perhaps book. If so, will you send me names c magazines carrying them? I like hi ideas and think much the same as he

To me, he makes God so great tha no one would have any trouble lovin him with all his might, strength, an soul, and his neighbor as himself.

Many readers will recall Mr. Peattie's lyrical yet scientific article about rainbows in the March TOGETHER, *which has been followed by a book,* The Rainbow Book of Nature (*noted by Barnabas in July, page 53*).—EDS.

Why Back-to-back Pictures?

MISS ALMA B. ELLIOTT
Steubenville, Ohio

I know you have to conserve space, but would it be possible to place the pictures not back to back, but rather on the next facing page? Then I could use them in school. I teach fifth grade and to be able to use them there would be an indirect way of teaching religion in school. We aren't allowed to comment but sometimes pictures do a lot . . .

Sorry, Miss Elliott, but it's impracticable to follow your suggestion. Perhaps one way of solving your dilemma is to beg, borrow, or buy someone else's copy of TOGETHER.—EDS.

Misses the Shouters

IVAN H. SMITH
Hot Springs, S.D.

I've just finished reading the article, *Why No More 'Shouting Methodists'?* [June, page 28]. I am writing to let you know I really enjoyed it. It has grieved my heart to see the passing of shouting from our churches. . . .

Together / NEWSLETTER

WHAT'S AHEAD FOR METHODISTS IN '58. Four national church agencies will take the wraps off next year's plans at annual meetings this month. Meeting will be the Board of Pensions, Board of Lay Activities, Board of Social and Economic Relations, and Council on World Service and Finance.

NEW NATIONAL YOUTH LEADER. The Rev. Charles H. Boyles, Jackson, Miss., is new administrator of the National Conference of Methodist Youth. Delegates recently elected him at Denver. Since 1955 the 26-year-old pastor has been chairman of the United Christian Youth Movement, youth arm of the National Council of Churches. In his new job he will work with Methodist high school and college groups across the nation.

CHRISTIANS LOSE GROUND IN ASIA. More evidence is piling up that Christianity is in the midst of a tough struggle in Asia. Before the Lutheran World Federation recently, mission leaders warned that it has all but lost out. Freed from foreign rule, new Asian nations are fusing resurgent old religions with politics—a hard-to-beat combination. In India, thousands are becoming Buddhists. And Moslems are pushing a vigorous campaign in Pakistan.

RESIGNS COLLEGE PRESIDENCY. Dr. Pendleton Gaines has resigned as president of Wofford College (Methodist), Spartanburg, S.C., to join a local bank.

METHODIST MEN BATTLE BINGO. It's a big issue in New York State. A constitutional amendment, to be voted on this fall, would legalize bingo and generally relax gambling restrictions. Supporters say churches and fraternal groups would benefit. But laymen of Northern New York Conference, led by DeWitt C. LeFevre, are organizing in opposition. Says LeFevre: "Christian laymen will support their churches by giving—sacrificial giving if necessary—not by gambling."

MARINE LOOKS TO PENTAGON CHIEF. Twice Marine Pvt. Peter H. Green, a Methodist, has been denied status as a conscientious objector. Corps officers first turned him down, then just recently Navy Secretary Thomas S. Gates. Now Green is appealing to the Secretary of Defense. If this fails, he plans to take his case to President Eisenhower.

IKE SALUTES CHURCH PRESS. October has been designated "Church Press Month." President Eisenhower has taken note of it, stating in part: "The various periodicals of the church have a splendid opportunity to emphasize their story of faith and good work." The church press currently is making headlines, too. The 135-year-old Episcopal Churchnews recently folded, but Presbyterian Life has just passed a history-making million circulation mark. Methodism's TOGETHER, one year old next month, is not far behind.

(For more church news see page 67.)

HOW TO MAKE YOUR DOLLARS GO TWICE AS FAR

Invest them in American Bible Society Annuity Agreements, where they lead a double life of good

1 Invested for you in wisely selected securities during your lifetime, your dollars bring you a regular, generous, partially tax exempt, guaranteed income—with greater return and safety than you could probably secure for yourself—and with no bother to you.

2 After you are gone, your dollars live on, helping in the great work of translating the Scriptures into all languages, for almost all denominations—and distributing them "without note or comment" wherever the need exists both here and abroad.

Don't delay. Send for the booklet which tells how you may both give and receive generously.

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To Introduce You and Your Children to A Wonderful New Way to Learn About . . .

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Your Children Will be Greatly Enriched By This New Educational Hobby The Entire Family Can Share

Here's What You Get for Only A DIME:

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1. 25 breathtaking FULL-COLOR prints of Italy's most fascinating sights.

2. The authoritative album on Italy in which to mount your pictures, plus informative text on Italy's history, customs, arts, legends, famous landmarks, natural wonders, geography, etc.

3. A giant MAP OF THE WORLD, in beautiful full color, prepared especially by leading geographical experts for this program. Opens up to 3½ feet wide! A magnificent wall decoration, invaluable guide for students or armchair explorers. Retail value $2.00.

In addition, if you decide to continue, you will receive as a *free* bonus, a beautiful green-and-copper colored album case (pictured above) large enough to hold a number of albums.

Yes, all this (total value $3.00) is yours for ONLY ONE DIME to introduce you to the Around the World Program.

YES, TAKE THIS exciting "guided tour" of ITALY —*plus* a giant, full-color World Map—a $3 value for only 10¢ in this generous introductory offer!

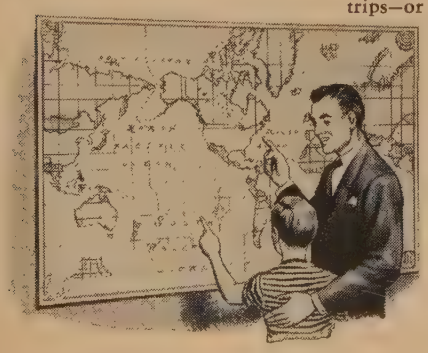
We make this offer to demonstrate an exciting way for young and old to learn about the many lands and peoples of our wonderful world. This revolutionary new program in home education, sponsored by THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, is like a "guided tour" around the world.

How Your Family "Visits" a Different Land Each Month

Each month you receive a set of full-color photographs *and* an informative, illustrated guidebook album with spaces for mounting the color prints. By means of these prints and albums, you and your family "visit" a different country every month. You explore the country's famous landmarks and natural wonders. You go sight-seeing in the strange cities. In quaint little villages you stop to observe native costumes, customs, and crafts. An expert on the region spins stories of the great battles, the national heroes, the ancient legends. You pore over maps showing the principal cities, rivers, mountains. You actually learn MORE about these foreign lands than many tourists do!

Helps Children in School

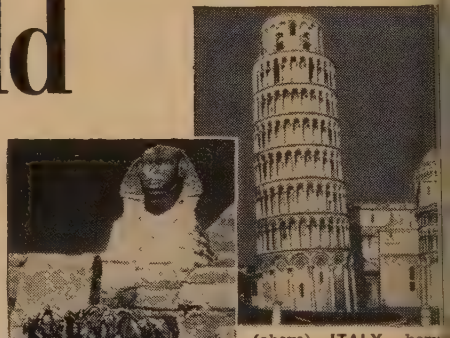
Here is an educational hobby for the whole family. It will give children a tremendous advantage not only in school but in life, as they grow up in a world where other countries are only hours away by air. And Mom and Dad will find this an enjoyable way of planning trips—or re-living them.



Mail Coupon With Only Ten Cents

To acquaint yourself with this new project, accept the offer described above. No obligation—but if you *are* delighted with your trial package and *do* wish to continue you pay only $1 for each monthly "tour" thereafter. And you may cancel at any time. Mail coupon now!—

AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY'S Around The World Program, Dept. TO-9, Garden City, New York.



(above) ITALY — home of the famous, much visited Leaning Tower of Pisa, where the astronomer Galileo is said to have tested the speed of falling objects.

EGYPT — Arabs in prayer turning toward Mecca before the Great Sphinx, which guards the entrance to the Nile Valley.

SIAM — Famous image of Buddha, festooned with golden ornaments and jewels, stands in magnificent temple at Bangkok.

AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY'S
Around the World Program
Dept. TO-9, Garden City, N. Y.

I enclose ten cents. Please send me at once my introductory package consisting of (1) the informative "guidebook album" on ITALY, (2) 25 beautiful full-color reproductions to mount in the album, and (3) the giant 3½ ft. wide full-color Map of the World.

I understand you plan to issue a new "Around the World" guidebook album complete with a set of color-prints each month for only $1 plus shipping. After examining my introductory package, I'll notify you if I do not wish to continue. I am not obligated to take any minimum number of albums and I am free to resign at any time.

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✠ *Personal Testimony* By HAROLD G. LYNCH

First-place winner in TOGETHER'S contest

The Day My Religion Meant Most to Me

GOOD FRIDAY began like any other day for the men in Stalag Luft IV B. The year was 1945, the place was Langwasser, near Nürnberg, Germany, and most of the men in the prison compound were U.S. Army Air Corps personnel. As was our habit each morning, we answered the whistle reluctantly—but we answered it. The men formed in the center of the compound for morning roll call.

Shortly after the count started a man near me whispered, "I think today's Good Friday." The only response was a mutter of "So what?" from a few men nearby down the long line.

In our compound we had a colonel from one of Gen. George S. Patton's tank outfits. Colonel Good was one of those men you meet once and never forget. If there is such a thing as a fearless man, he was it. "Stern but fair" would be an apt description of Colonel Good. He and his crew had been captured in an unsuccessful attack on the Hammelburg prison camp which was a few miles from Nürnberg.

We felt fortunate in having him and his men with us. Naturally, the

After we sang The Old Rugged Cross, *our chaplain . . . read the story of the Crucifixion.*

Thoughts On Prayer

To each man, prayer is an individual matter, between him and God. But here are some of the thoughts men have voiced on praying:

"Who rises from prayer a better man, his prayer is answered."
—George Meredith

"No man ever prayed heartily without learning something."
—Ralph Waldo Emerson

"Common people do not pray; they only beg."
—George Bernard Shaw

"God is not a cosmic bellboy for whom we can press a button to get things done."
—Harry Emerson Fosdick

"God warms his hands at man's heart when he prays."
—John Masefield

"The only prayer for a brave man is to be a-doing."
—Henry Thoreau

"Prayer is not forcing God's reluctance; it is taking hold of God's willingness."
—Phillips Brooks

"Prayer or no prayer, you can't eat out of an empty bowl."
—Slovak Proverb

"Prayer, like radium, is a luminous and self-generating form of energy."
—Dr. Alexis Carrel

"If you don't know whether you are on your head or your heels, get down on your knees."
—Sign in English chapel

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."
—Alfred Lord Tennyson

"Prayer requires more of the heart than of the tongue."
—Chaplain Adam Clarke

"Complaint is the largest tribute heaven receives and the sincerest part of our devotion."
—Jonathan Swift

"If a care is too small to be turned into a prayer, it is too small to be made into a burden."
—Anonymous

colonel was our unanimous choice as compound leader.

After roll call, Colonel Good called a few of us together to talk about Good Friday. He felt that we should have services on this holy day. A prisoner who spoke some German was detailed to ask a guard for help in getting a clergyman for us.

By noon the compound was buzzing with a rumor that there was a chaplain—a paratrooper captured near Malmedy—in one of the other compounds. The word was that he was making the rounds and would reach our compound in the late afternoon. Surprisingly enough, this rumor—like so much prison-camp scuttlebutt—proved to be true.

Shortly before sundown, the chaplain was brought to our compound. Not a large man, he had that look of rugged determination common to most paratroopers, plus the warm, friendly attitude typical of chaplains. He carried two or three small, black-bound leather books; nothing else.

A large tent was cleared for services and soon all us Protestants were called to church. The attendance was overwhelming. Within minutes, the words of favorite hymns were filling the compound. Since we had no hymnals, we had to sing only those hymns most of us knew. It's surprising how those words we sang in Sunday school and church so long ago came back to us.

After we sang *The Old Rugged Cross,* our chaplain opened one of his books and read the story of the Crucifixion. Then he gave a short, impressive sermon.

As we filed out, our Catholic buddies crowded in for their turn. Some of the first group stayed close enough to the entrance to hear this same chaplain celebrate Mass.

When Mass was completed the second group left the tent. One look at the prisoners' faces showed me how important the chaplain's visit had been.

Then a surprising thing happened. The chaplain came out of the tent and asked for silence. When the men were still, he spoke:

"I'd like to invite members of the Hebrew faith into this tent to worship with me. It is after sundown and the Sabbath now is here."

The Jewish prisoners filed into the tent. For half an hour they wor shiped God in their own manner o their Sabbath, led by an army chap lain.

That night as we tried to sleep one of the men remarked, "I wonde what church that chaplain belong to."

No one answered. No one knew— and it made no difference to any o us. At that particular moment eve man could truthfully say he had seen brotherhood in action. We had seen brotherhood demonstrated.

This experience will always be remembered as a source of tremendous inspiration to me. I am thankful that we never knew the chaplain's church. Truly, he was of God's own men.

●

Here at Together *offices in Chicago, we look to our readers to help us make this magazine.*

So a few months ago we asked you to share recollections of The Day My Religion Meant Most to Me. *In a few weeks we were swamped by almost 1,000 narratives revealing true stories of Christian witness in everyday life.*

One story drew special praise from the three prominent Methodists who kindly agreed to serve as judges—Gerald Kennedy, author and bishop, Los Angeles area; Felix McKnight, managing editor of The Dallas Morning News, *and Lowell Thomas, author and radio commentator. They agreed that Harold Lynch's moving experience was worthy of the first-prize award.*

Lynch, now general secretary of the Easton, Pa., YMCA, was bombardier-navigator of an air force B-25 bomber during the last world war. Shot down over Italy on his 54th mission, he was captured by Germans.

The prison camp experience he describes made him, a life-long Methodist, realize fully the universal brotherhood of man and the need for its achievement.

After the war Lynch returned to YMCA work he had begun shortly before joining the air force.

His modest philosophy reflects the experience he shares this month with Together *readers: "I feel I can best serve others through the YMCA."*

Next month: another inspiring testimony. —The Editors

We Linkletters *Laugh Together!*

Art himself tells how to do it—

and here's his family perched on the stairs to prove it. The Linkletters, left to right, rear row, are Robert 12; Lois, Art, and Jack, 19. Front row, Dawn, 17; Diane, 8; and Sheron, 11.

ONE DAY LAST summer while I was catching up on correspondence in my study, I heard peals of laughter from our back yard. Leaning from the window, I saw five young Linkletters rolling on the grass, apparently in the last stages of hysteria.

"What's the joke?" I asked.

Jack pulled himself together with an effort. "We were just laughing," he said. But I insisted: "Why? What's so funny?"

Five smiling faces looked at me silently, but it was eight-year-old Diane who had the answer. "We're just laughing 'cause we're happy, Daddy."

I think that was the most heartening response any parent could receive. In my own childhood there was little laughter or fun. My father was an evangelist who took the Word of God with grim seriousness. Today, as an adult and a parent, I am firmly convinced that God must like laughter. Why else should he have given us the ability to be amused?

Laughter is born in all of us. A baby's life is divided between smiles and tears, and the parent who helps his child to laugh—to look for the lighter, amusing, sunnier side of even the gravest problems—is developing a powerful weapon with which to meet adult life.

With a large family of my own, I quickly learned you can't build a sense of humor in your children unless you, yourself, know how to laugh. Of course, a good many things in life are no laughing matter, but some parents are too heavily aware of their responsibilities.

The first principle of humor which we've learned in our house is that things are only funny when we're "in fun." A deadly insult becomes amusing when it's hurled with a smile. A second—an offshoot of the first—is that, when we're being funny, even unpleasant things are more bearable. You've probably observed this yourself. How often have you wrapped up an unpalatable truth in a dash of humor and delivered it to a friend or relative, hoping he would take the truth to heart without (thanks to the light, humorous touch) a sting to his pride?

The third principle is that, although "being funny" is a natural state of childhood, it's no disgrace for an adult to revert occasionally to a youthful moment. We never forget that "a little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men." One

of my friends once confided that what he'd missed most as a child, after his mother died, was her laugh.

"She died 30 years ago, when I was 10," he told me, "and I can't really remember what she looked like—but I've never forgotten what fun she was to be with."

Children often reflect their homes and parents far too accurately for comfort. There was one boy who came to one of our birthday parties some years ago. He didn't seem to know how to join in the fun, although his face showed his eagerness to be a part of everything. I kept trying to draw him in but it was hard work. Finally I said, "Come on, Tommy—pile in and enjoy yourself. Haven't you ever been to a birthday party before?"

HIS ANSWER was cruelly revealing. "No, I haven't," he said. "My mother says children's parties are a nuisance."

I'd have liked to talk with that mother, to explain that it takes little to make a child happy. A party is more a state of mind than of money. To your child, inviting two friends and eating a dish of ice cream can be a party—if you *call* it a party.

A home that fails to take advantage of every holiday, anniversary, birthday, or season is losing a big chance for family fun. In our house, cellar shelves contain boxes of ornaments, decorations, and fancy dress accumulated gradually and inexpensively over the years. Each box is labeled for a specific holiday, from Christmas to Halloween, and a separate shelf holds prizes, along with the fancy costumes and ornaments.

In developing your child's sense of humor, don't discount comic books. Not all of them are bad; in fact, there are many which teach valuable lessons in accident prevention by appealing to a child's sense of fun through cartoons. There are cartoons in many good magazines, too, which will help your child recognize fun of the right sort.

The biggest thing to remember about humor is: *Take it easy!* Fun comes most readily when a parent builds trust and a liking for people in the child. If the only time a youngster laughs is when someone is hurt, look out! To a child, every ugly, puzzling, or shocking thing will seem funny—unless parents help him to tell bad humor from good.

Tolerance also plays a big part. In the Linkletter home there are five children and two adults—and that makes seven different ideas of what's funny! We have to make allowances for all those differences. So don't be bored when your child triumphantly produces a whiskery Joe Miller joke as the funniest thing he's ever heard. Time was when that joke, or something like it, was funny to you, too.

Children start by enjoying simple puns, riddles, and custard-pie humor. Your child's first efforts are bound to be lower than your own adult standards, but help him by digging about in your memory for the jokes you loved as a child. Don't be discouraged if he doesn't always understand. Keep trying him on semi-adult humor, explaining what's funny and why. You'll be surprised at how quickly he'll begin to grow up to your level.

In building family fun, you always have one asset on your side: The amount and kind of humor seem always to be a sort of family trait. Your child is likely to be born with potentially about the same amount of humor as you have and a predisposition to your own fun reactions. This isn't entirely a matter of environment, it appears. I can think of several families in which the children were brought up in different surroundings, yet when they, as adults, were again a part of their family, the similarity in humor was obvious.

A good way to stimulate a child's humor, as well as make him feel a part of his family, is by telling him stories of things that happened when you were young. A tale of the time you tried to climb a tree that was too big for you, or what happened the first time you went on a merry-go-round, will gain your child's affection and understanding without sacrificing parental authority through the "all pals together" routine.

From my own experience, I know how much easier discipline will be for any parent who can achieve that happy blend of light humor and firmness. In our house, there are rules. When they are broken, there are penalties. But we take it easy. We've found our children are more likely to remember when the penalty ha an amusing side.

Today's child psychologists ar studying children's humor by a var ety of experiments and their conclu sions are important. It's been estab lished, for example, that even tin babies can be amused more readil by their mothers than by strangers— but that even with mothers activ effort is necessary.

It isn't enough to load the plaype with toys and turn your back o your baby! Go about your chores but spare a word and a smile fo your child while you're working and you will be laying the founda tion for good humor. In my own home, it seems that one of the favor ite places for laughter is at meals. My wife is resigned to the jokes anc gentle teasing that circle the table three times a day. It may not add anything to the children's table manners, but we would be sorry parents if our children hadn't the ability to see the funny side of things.

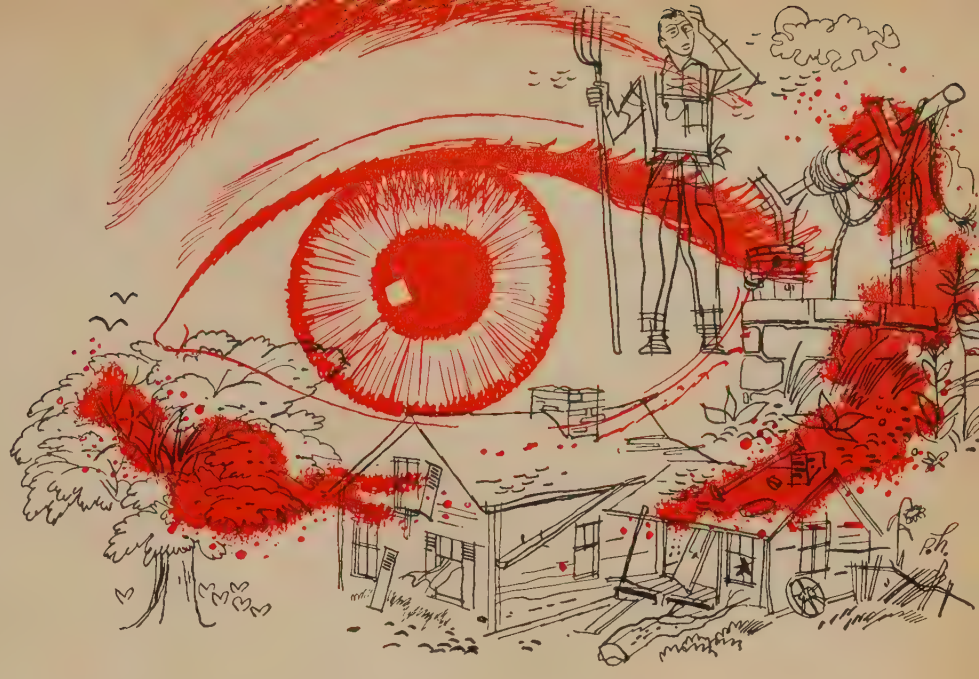
I can't take too firm an attitude over the happy times in the dining room, in any case, because there's no doubt I had a good deal to do with starting them. A favorite joke when the little Links were babies was my method of summoning the maid.

As soon as Mother Linkletter quietly pressed the buzzer with her foot, I would push my son Robert's nose. The maid always answered the signal—but somehow it never happened when I pushed anyone else's nose. For several years, Robert believed that he was the only Link with a nose that buzzed for the maid. He was awfully proud of that!

I THINK of laughter as akin to love —and the fine humor that exists among my children is a proof to me that they feel a special affection for each other. That's something I hope will continue all their lives, because there's nothing nicer than that special family humor—the little jokes and reminders that hold adult brothers and sisters together even when they're miles apart.

But if you want that strong bond of affectionate family humor that will create easier discipline and better adjustment to life in your home, it's up to you, the parent, to start it first—and keep it going.

I SAW



By R. A. TEETER
Retired Methodist Minister

a fool farmer.

He said: "I've got the Lord in a tight place now, for if the rains come I'll make corn and if they do not I'll make hay."

He thought he was being funny; he was only proclaiming his foolishness. He didn't seem to understand that the Lord wanted him to make both hay and corn, nor that there are many things involved in a world-wide providence besides his corn crib and haystack.

There is plenty of evidence that God sends the rain on both the just and unjust and in sufficient quantities. But he doesn't do it every time some self-centered fool thinks he should.

a man killing time.

But he didn't get the job done. Time killed him. It was killing him all the while he thought he was killing it. For he was only loafing, and loafing is dying.

If he had been playing a game with his family, he would have been living, for play is creative—sometimes more so than work.

Jesus said on one occasion: "Come ye aside and rest awhile." He had no intention of suggesting idleness to those disciples. They had worked themselves "empty" and he wanted them to have a time of recreation, and come back "full."

the light of dawn.

It was breaking in a low, thin line in the eastern sky to begin a clear October day. Darkness and uncertainty were all about me and I was alone.

But in that faint far line of light was the power to dispel the darkness. As it grew the night receded, and blackness turned through several tones of gray into the white light of day. Then an oak tree became a mass of rich brown, and a maple and a gum shimmered with crimson and scarlet.

So it is with a man's life. It begins with a tiny speck of life, engulfed by uncertainty. But that spark is mightier than the universe of darkness. As we grow together with God and family, blackness is dissolved into the varied colors of intelligence, love, and wisdom. That is, unless one chooses to smother the spark and lives alone in darkness.

an old cistern.

The masonry was broken—and it was empty, incapable of holding water. Life had once flourished around it, for the supporting waters were there in plain view.

Now there was only stinking decay and the pathos of a lost home. If men had dug only a few feet deeper, they would have found a flowing spring. But they had neither the faith nor the energy to go deep. So they built shallow and depended on a surface supply.

The Bible speaks of cisterns and wells, but the fountain is a symbol of life. A cistern may easily be broken or its supply cut off. A well may be destroyed by the man who dug it, or by any man. But the flowing fountain comes from a source that no man created and no man can destroy.

The prophet says that heaven was astonished at the stupidity of men for deserting God and building life around their own cistern. We may build more magnificently in this modern day, but that doesn't make us any less stupid for deserting God.

a deserted house.

The furniture was still in place, shades and curtains on the windows, and the burned-out ashes of yesterday on the hearth. That was the pathos of it. The warmth of yesterday was no more. The family had moved away never to return, and no one else had come to claim it. A house built for life and love is a dreary place when these are gone.

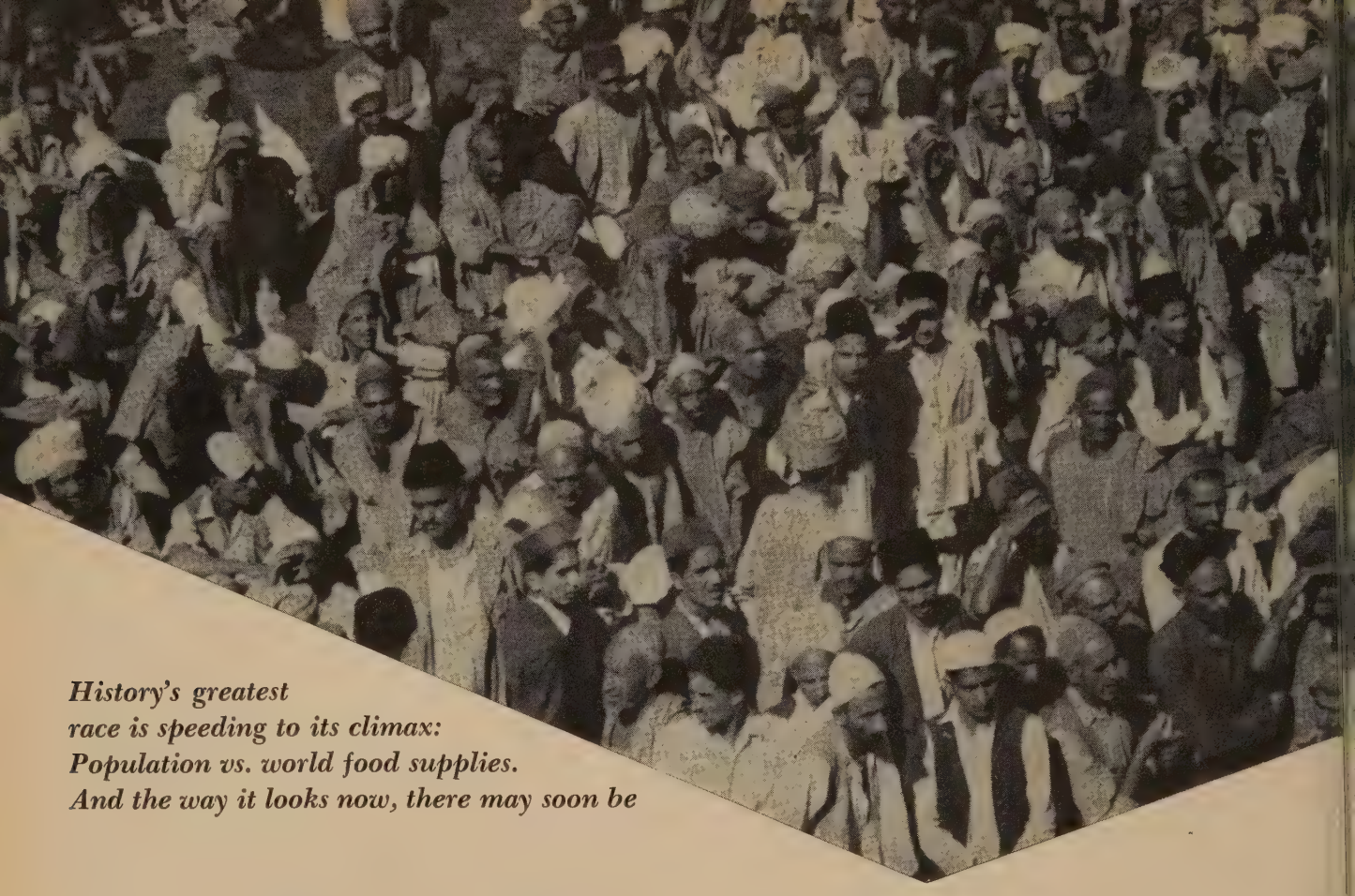
When Jesus wept over Jerusalem, he exclaimed: "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate." Why desolate? It was richly furnished and lavishly supported. But it was desolate because it no longer housed the kind of life it was built to house. Something else had usurped its place. Is anything more useless than a house of religion from which the spirit of love and service have departed?

an ugly mudhole.

It turned into a flower garden by a family's working together. They had opened a little ditch to drain a marshy spot in the corner of a large yard. A mass of brightly colored flowers had replaced the marsh grass and weeds. It was a simple act which any family could have done, but none had done it.

True, it takes some hard work to open ditches and to make gardens out of mudholes. But the pay is good—if you like beauty more than ugliness.

Most of us probably have some private mud puddles in our personalities. The pity of it is that we often think the way to get rid of mud is to throw it at something or somebody. That isn't the way. The way is to drain and plant. These muddy places will produce beauty instead of ugliness if we will dig, drain, plant, and cultivate.



History's greatest race is speeding to its climax: Population vs. world food supplies. And the way it looks now, there may soon be

Too Many People!

By MARGARET SANGER

THE WORLD is exploding at the seams. Population growth is outracing our ability to produce more food and goods. From the Orient to South America, from Eastern Europe to the U.S., soaring birth rates are posing future problems potentially more dangerous than the H-bomb.

Just look at these facts:

- By this time tomorrow, there will be at least 70,000 more people in the world than there are today.
- If the current birth rate had started the year Christ was born, there would be *1 million* people in the world for every *one* now alive.
- In 3½ years Red China's population alone has shot up by 42 millions —more than the total population of New York, California, and Pennsylvania, the three most heavily populated U.S. states.

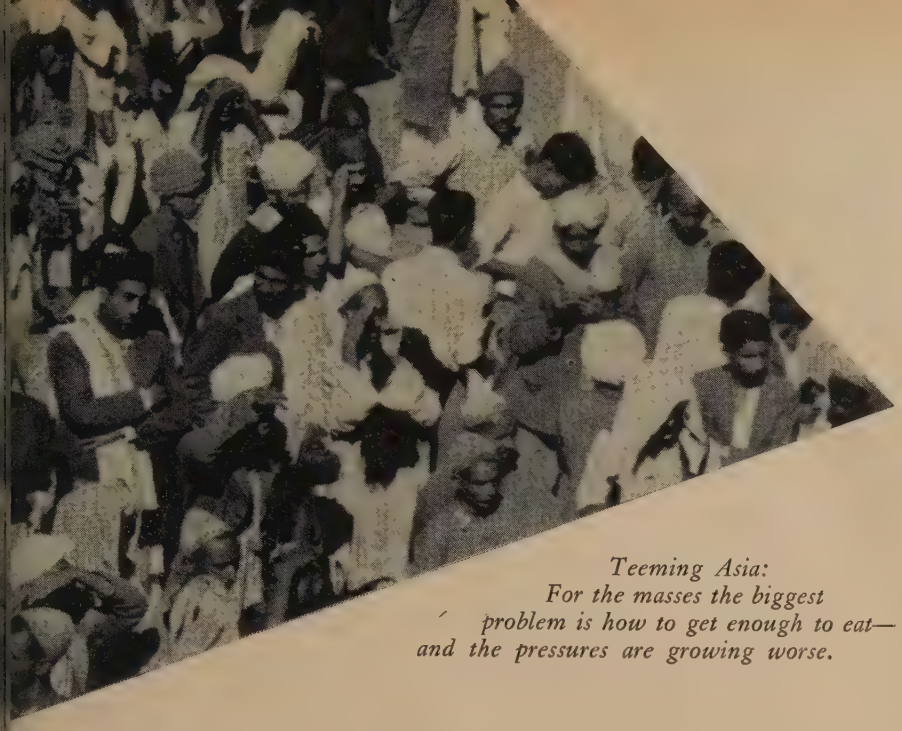
At present, demographers—scientists who devote their lives to studying population problems—estimate that there are 2.7 billion people in the world. By 1980, they expect this to soar to 4 billions; by the year 2000, to 5.5 billions. In theory, ways can be found to feed that many human beings—on a scale of living like that of Red China or India's masses. (For a close-up of what that means: an estimated 100 million Chinese have died of starvation in the last 100 years.) But few, if any, experts foresee any way in which 5.5 billion people, even half a century from now, can enjoy a standard of living remotely approaching that now enjoyed by this country.

What is the answer? Birth control or, to give it another name, planned parenthood.

This is going to be a bitter pill in Roman Catholic countries, where the official church position still boils down to this: Abstinence, or the far-from-certain rhythm theory, are all that can be countenanced in the way of planning one's family. On the other hand, The Methodist Church has officially endorsed planned parenthood. The 1956 edition of the *Discipline of The Methodist Church* contains a series of resolutions on the Christian family, adopted by the General Conference last year. Included is this highly important statement on planned parenthood:

"We believe that planned parenthood, practiced in Christian conscience, may fulfill rather than violate the will of God."

Beliefs of this sort, put into intelligent practice the world over, hold the only promise of forestalling a world-wide explosion from population pressures. Have-not nations, with millions more mouths to feed each year, must spill over their borders in unending aggressions, searching for more and more food-producing areas—unless their sky-



Teeming Asia:
For the masses the biggest problem is how to get enough to eat—and the pressures are growing worse.

rocketing birth rates are pulled down. Eventually, the threat of starvation will hang over everyone unless the problem is faced squarely —right now.

Paradoxically, the root of the problem is man's progress and advancing knowledge. We have cut infant mortality to a tiny fraction of its former toll. At the same time, we have extended the span of man's years. And advancing prosperity has encouraged larger families. Add the three together and you get a population mushrooming more ominously than the cloud over any atom-bomb explosion.

Let's take a look at what some of the hardest-pressed countries are doing under this threat:

Japan: In 1922 I was forbidden to discuss birth control from a lecture platform in Tokyo. Japan's population then totaled 66 millions, was increasing at 800,000 a year. We all know now how the resulting pressures helped bring about aggression and war in the Pacific. Now, with defeat and the return of millions of Japanese from her conquered "overseas empire," nearly 90 millions are crammed into a vastly shrunken area —and once-shunned planned parenthood is becoming a cornerstone of government policy.

In the past, infanticide provided a partial—and brutal—remedy to oversized Japanese families. Then, in 1948, the Japanese government took a big step forward by enacting the Eugenics Protection Law, which approves the "termination" of pregnancies whenever the mother's health may be "seriously injured" because of "physical or economic conditions" —in other words, Japan has legalized abortions where families feel they can't afford another child.

Latest official figures place the number of legal abortions at 1.7 millions a year, or about one for every live birth. How many clandestine abortions are performed is anybody's guess. But the number is undoubtedly large. This is a tragic situation.

In recognition of this, the Japanese government also is encouraging dissemination of information on contraceptives, but has hardly made a beginning in this work. Until thousands more midwives can be trained to teach married couples the use of contraceptives, and until the government can bring the price of these materials within the reach of the poorest peasants, legalized abortion will have to be the mainstay in keeping the Japanese birth rate down. And, bad as it is, it is a big step upward from infanticide.

India: Indian scientists are proud that infant mortality has dropped from 215 per 1,000 live births in 1901 to 114 in 1956; that it is expected to fall to 35 by 1964. But they are worried because population is zooming at the rate of 5 millions a year, is heading for 512 millions by 1980. With the masses already living on a less-than-subsistence level, the outlook is far from happy.

At present, the Indian government's Five Year Plan officially endorses contraception. Health-service centers, operating on an $8-millions budget, are spreading information on planned parenthood and supplying free contraceptives. The nation's second Five Year Plan calls for setting up 2,100 maternal and child-health centers in rural areas and 2,300 birth-control clinics.

Indian leaders pull no punches in describing their predicament. As they see it, they face a grim choice: If they don't check the runaway increase in population, each person will be eating 5 per cent less food each year than he did the year before. On the other hand, if fertility can be cut in half, by 1986 each person will be able to consume 50 per cent more than he can today, thanks to improved methods of agriculture and production. For India, it is literally the hour to choose between cutting the birth rate or facing starvation.

China: Red China's official census in 1953 put its population at 583 millions, increasing at the rate of over 12 millions a year. At latest estimates, the total is 625 millions—half again as much as India. Peiping's overlords realize, despite their mouthing of Communist propaganda, that no Five Year Plan or magical improvement in agriculture or industry is ever going to catch up with increases such as these.

Already the ruling hierarchy is practicing birth control. Families of most leaders are limited to an average of two children each, setting a theoretical example to the masses. But actually reaching the millions of rural peasants is a task of the first magnitude. Last year the minister of health ordered an all-out propaganda drive to win these families away from their age-old desire for "many sons" and into the field of planned parenthood. Officials claim China's women are enthusiastically backing the campaign, but admit that China lacks the birth-control devices to meet even a fraction of anticipated demand.

Turning to the Western Hemisphere, we find that the Latin Ameri-

getting along Together

One day my father mentioned to the supervisor of the 40 cleaning women he employed in his building that his church's Ladies Aid Society was planning a cake sale the next Saturday, so he would leave early that day.

When it came time to leave that Saturday, one of the cleaning women asked him to stop by their office. He did—and found 40 freshly baked cakes waiting for him, one made by each of the women! He had to hire a truck to get them to the sale.

—Mrs. H. R. Floyd, *San Diego, Calif.*

Getting my college degree was a financial struggle and finally, to cut expenses, I moved into a low-cost room in a house owned by a lady who kept a few chickens and sold eggs. I bought a dozen from her, kept taking eggs from the sack to cook, and never thought much about it till it suddenly dawned on me that the bag never got empty!

Yes, Maude Ketcham made life much brighter—and a college degree possible—for one girl by making a dozen eggs last a full year.

—Mrs. Carl A. Bergsten, *Farmington, Mo.*

Last December, a boy playing with a basketball near the street watched helplessly as the ball rolled out into traffic and was crushed under the wheels of a passing car. The driver offered to buy a new one, but the boy manfully declined, explaining that the accident had been unavoidable.

Answering a ring at the doorbell on Christmas Eve, the boy's mother found a new basketball—and spied the man who had run over her son's ball climbing into his car to drive away. Running up to him, she asked him to take his gift back; insisted that her son had to learn not to play so near a street. "Sorry, lady," the man replied. "You'll just have to keep that ball. That's the only way my Christmas will be complete."

—Allen Ritter, *Orange, Calif.*

This column is for true tales of little deeds that illuminate the art of living. Let's have yours. If it's used, you'll soon receive a $5 check.—Eds.

can countries are growing at an even faster rate than the Asiatic. However, because they have not yet been brought under the intense population pressure of the Oriental countries, and because most of these are Catholic nations, their situation is not being faced by their governments.

Except in Puerto Rico. Perhaps because of its close ties with the Protestant U.S. mainland, or because its population already has reached the explosion point, that island is turning to an unusual solution. Despite Catholic opposition, it is using sterilization to limit the size of families.

The operation is performed most often on women immediately after childbirth. Perfectly legal, it is done only when the woman, her husband, and their doctor agree.

Within the U.S. itself, population is growing all too fast. It has been estimated that by 1975 we may have 249 million people—although surveys show over 80 per cent of American white women of childbearing age practice birth control. Actually, planned parenthood is becoming more accepted all the time. Not too many years ago, advocates of birth control were thrown in jail. It was illegal for a doctor to give information on spacing children.

Now, however, planned parenthood has become an accepted part of our life. Information and devices are available in hundreds of hospitals, clinics, and public-health centers. New methods are being tested in leading laboratories; even the Rockefeller Foundation is donating liberally to this work.

Too, U.S. scientists report encouraging results in experiments with an oral contraceptive, taken by women 20 days each month. Years of further testing remain, but the search for a "birth-control pill" appears to be bearing fruit.

All these things make the picture appear bright. But there is a darker side. The size of families is increasing, population is soaring, too many people refuse to look at the handwriting on the wall. A recent national survey shows 36 per cent of all births were unplanned. Too, there still remain thousands of frightened, unknowing women to whom illegal abortion remains the only known way of controlling the family's size.

It has been estimated that, in addition to the comparative handful of legal abortions, 2 million illegal operations are performed every year in this country, and that racketeers net $50 millions annually from these terrorized women. How many victims die? Some sources say well over 100 a week, and probably considerably more, since most of these deaths are listed under some other cause.

And did you know that nine out of every 10 abortions in the U.S. reportedly are performed on married women between 25 and 35, with three or more children?

That is the frightening picture of "enlightened" womankind in this country in this year of grace, 1957.

What, then, is the world-wide situation? Progress is being made—but time is running out. Some countries, especially those pushed to the brink of starvation, are at last teaching their people the elements of planned parenthood. In others, such as the U.S., the picture is confused. Birth control, once a forbidden subject, is widespread and an accepted pattern of married life for millions. But for many others there still remains only that last desperate step—the illegal abortion—if the size of the family is to be limited.

In all, 18 nations now are members of the International Planned Parenthood Federation, whose next meeting will be held in Washington in 1958. But over all, federation members or not, hangs the threat of a P (for Population) bomb explosion.

Most nations, preoccupied with the threat of atomic wars and mass destruction, are unable—or unwilling—to face the stark specter of starvation which, in varying degrees of nearness, is drawing in on all of them. Authorities agree that there is nothing in the teachings of most major religions to forbid the practice of having children when they are really wanted. There seems, therefore, to be but one humane solution to the problem. That is best summed up in those simple words, quoted earlier, of The Methodist Church in its 1956 *Discipline:*

"We believe that planned parenthood, practiced in Christian conscience, may fulfill rather than violate the will of God."

How to ring doorbells

. . . and still be friends

By SUSAN S. HELLER

A CHURCH fund-raising drive can be lots of fun. But the thought of going out and asking for money terrifies some people. They know their attitude is unreasonable, but somehow a great many men and women just can't solicit funds.

I've talked to volunteer solicitors and from their experiences I've learned some fundamentals that increase confidence—and receipts.

• The most important tools you can bring to any volunteer fund-raising task are sincerity, tact, and a pleasant manner. These are the top requisites of anyone who asks for money.

• Know—and believe in—what you're talking about. If you don't know, find out before you begin buzzing doorbells. You must sell the project to yourself before you can sell it to others!

• If a prospective donor asks a question that stumps you, don't be ashamed to admit it. I know one young lady who was stumped by a question. Instead of hedging, she took the time to check up and get the correct answer. The prospect was so impressed that he wrote a bigger check than he had planned to give the local chest.

• Unless you know in advance that you are going to be acquainted with all the people you plan to call on, carry some sort of identification. In small communities this may not be necessary. But in larger towns—especially big cities—you may be asked for credentials. If this happens, don't get angry. The donor is well within his rights to check up on anyone who asks him for money. Who knows, you may be a gyp artist!

• Be sure to carry a dependable pen—you might lose a donation because the family's pen had gone dry. Be prepared to change a $10 bill—some people like to make cash gifts. And always give receipts whenever you accept cash donations. It's good business and many people need receipts for accounting purposes. Fill in all necessary data on pledge cards. If your church has literature describing the project, leave copies with the donor. This will help him understand how his gift—and later donations—will be used.

• Be confident. If you're calling on strangers or folks you know only slightly, give your name. Be sure to emphasize that you are representing the church. If possible, call the person by his name because this lends a personal touch.

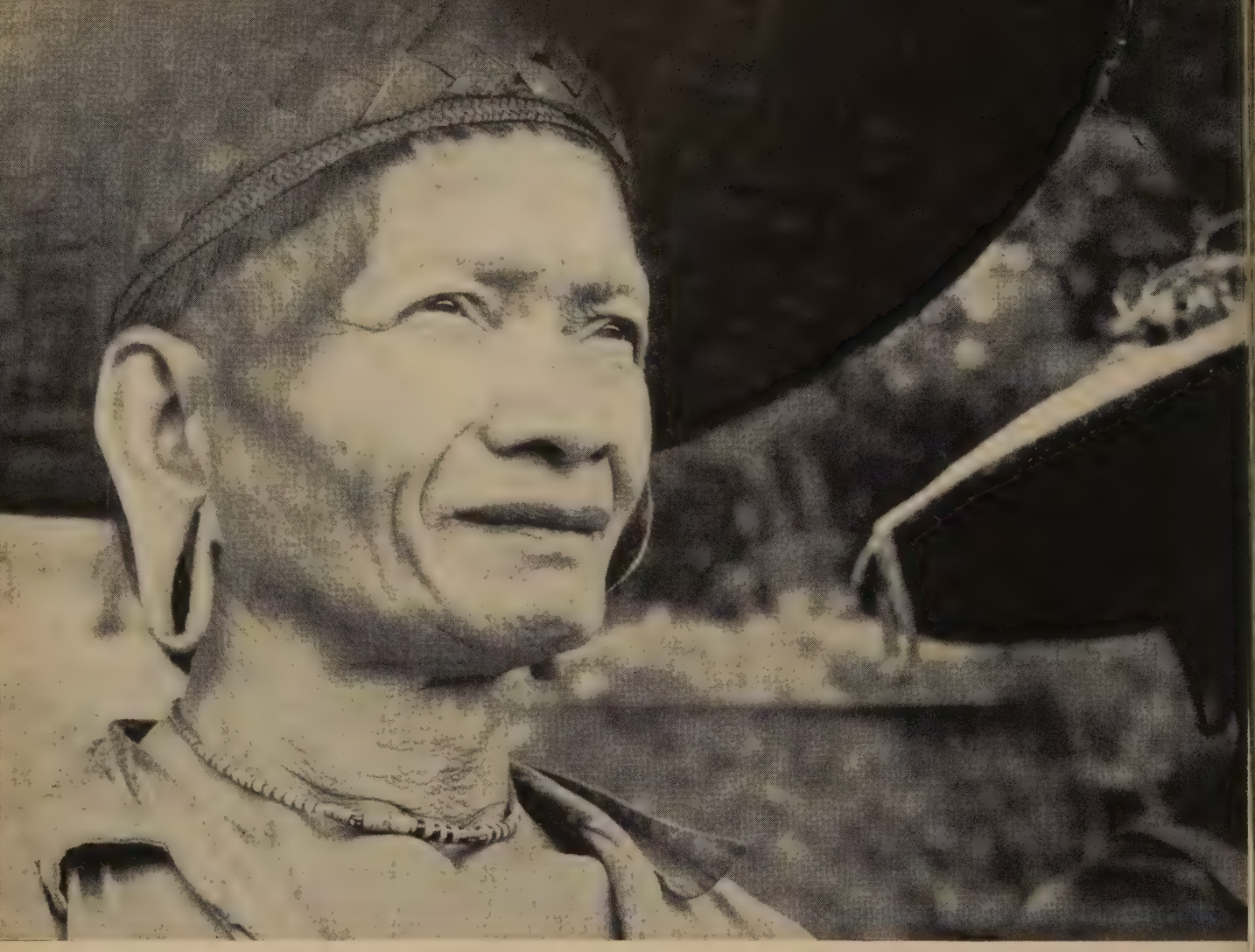
• When you solicit friends in the congregation, you can dip naturally into the subject of your visit after a few pleasantries. In calling on others, however, you probably will want to start right in on your rehearsed line after you introduce yourself—something like, "If you can spare a few moments, I'd like to talk to you about our new church youth room." Then go over the facts, using your judgment as to degree of detail needed. With outsiders you'll have to be thorough. Stress the service the new whatever-it-is will perform. And be sure to emphasize its value to them personally.

You are your church's representative, so dress neatly, be poised, and try, as briefly as possible, to get across the worth-while attributes of your cause.

• Listen. Most donors will want to ask questions. Give them your undivided attention. How you handle this, especially with strangers, may determine whether your church will get the chcek. When people turn you down, respond with a polite, "That's perfectly all right," or, "I understand." Giving is voluntary and many who would like to help may simply be in a financial position which makes this impossible. Show your understanding.

• Enjoy yourself. On the average, better than 99 per cent of your contacts will be pleasant. You may even receive some unexpectedly large contributions. But big or little, they'll all put a glow in your day as you see how generously people respond to worth-while causes.

And you are giving, too. You'll share in the feeling of being an important cog in a Christian undertaking. It's a satisfaction that will last for a long time. So if you're asked to ring doorbells for your church, don't hesitate. Know the basic facts, start off with confidence—and you'll give your church a real lift.



Descendants of the "wild men of Borneo" are making up their minds whether to go Moslem, Roman Catholic, or Protestant. So far thousands are turning Methodist.

Converting Ex-Headhunters

DARING METHODIST missionaries are turning ex-headhunters into Christians in Sarawak (pronounced Sah-rah-wah), on the northwestern edge of Borneo. In three years they have baptized 2,500, including some leading chiefs.

These tribesmen are descended from the legendary "wild men of Borneo"—called Ibans or Dyaks—who beheaded their enemies and decorated their long houses with mummified skulls. They number 190,000, about a third of Sarawak's 500,000 population. They live in a jungle

A Methodist missionary couple, the Rev. Burr Baughman and his wife, Tek Lin, looks up Sarawak's "Main St.," the Rajang River. Nearly all travel is by boat.

untry (British colony) about the ze of New York State. Until recent-, they have been inaccessible to mis-onaries.

But World War II brought artling changes. Dyak chieftains ught out Methodist missionaries ong the Rajang River, the main aterway which has been the center Methodist influence for many ars. They begged them to visit eir long houses and teach them out the "Jesus God" and the trong religion."

Old pagan beliefs were no longer dequate. The white man's civiliza-on had wrecked their primitive tonomy and weakened family ties.

First choice of the Dyaks is the Methodist's Christ, and many have oined The Methodist Church. But vo other choices are open. Nearby ndonesia is 95 per cent Moslem. nd the Roman Catholic Church is ntering Sarawak.

Within the next 10 years, Meth-dist Board of Mission leaders say, ost of these people will make their hoice. Their politics may change ut their choice of religion probably ill last. That is why U.S. Method-ts have marked Sarawak—along ith Korea, Belgian Congo, and Bolivia—as a "land of decision" for intensified mission effort.

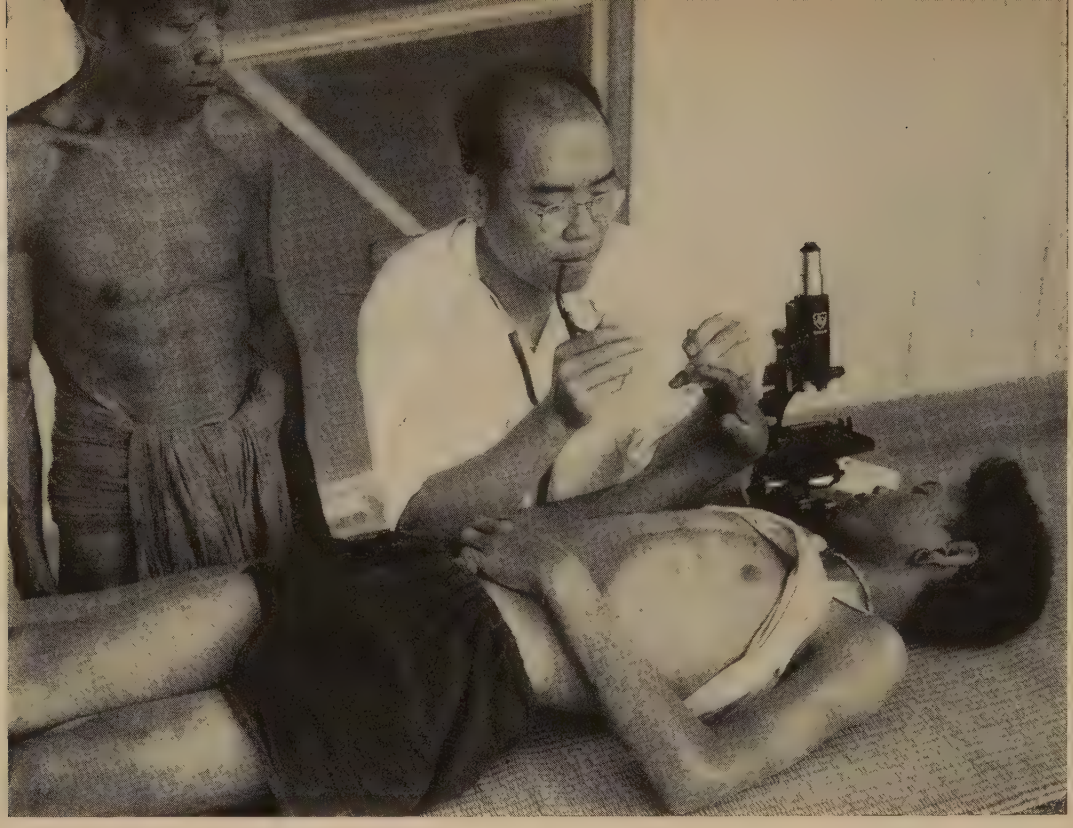
Jungle diseases daily challenge Sarawak-born Dr. L. K. Ding and his pediatrician wife, Lillian, of the medical team at Christ Hospital.

Twice daily students pile into palm-thatched canoes to attend a Methodist school in Kapit.

Can Western missionaries learn a new role in a postwar-awakened Oriental land? That's another question to be decided in Sarawak. Dr. Eugene L. Smith, general secretary, Division of World Missions, puts it this way: "Can we cope with the declining importance of Western man in Asia? There is a tremendous desire for our gadgets and education. But Western man is less and less important in Asia."

So far, the record is good in Sarawak. Methodists baptized the first Dyaks at Christmas, 1949, almost half a century after Chinese traders brought Christianity to the island. Methodists now have 60 churches and 23 ordained pastors. Membership has climbed to 6,000, with 11,000 preparatory members.

Sarawak-style, sunshaded ambulance brings a young patient to new Christ Hospital from a far-off village.



Intestinal parasites of one sort or another plague most people in ex-headhunter land. Here, Dr. Lik Ding runs a standard blood test on a boy while a curious friend watches over his shoulder.

The way to the new 24-bed Methodist hospital is pointed out by nurse Fanny Dewar. Since February, the hospital has treated well over 3,000 patients.

Methodist churches in Sarawak are used as a kind of city hall. Though religious centers, they also give much help on health problems, farming, and education.

Wherever Charles Wesley traveled, by horseback or afoot, he carried a song in his heart. (From an old print.)

He Made Methodists SING!

By CHARLES W. FERGUSON

Charles Wesley was born Dec. 18, 1707 (see portrait in color, page 1). This year we observe the 250th anniversary. We are happy to present this article by Mr. Ferguson, a distinguished Methodist layman but is better known as a senior editor of The Reader's Digest.—Eds.

GARRULOUS GOSSIPS of the 18th century had much to make sport of in the noisy dissensions of early Methodism, many of which had their origin in the temperament of Charles Wesley. But above all the tumult rose the sound of songs—and the songs that stirred England and brought the salient ideas of the Methodist revival straight to the hearts of the people were the songs of Charles Wesley. He wrote a hymn 24 hours after his conversion and dictated a hymn on his deathbed; in between he filled the air with the words and lilt of more than 6,500 hymns of every variety, mood, and sentiment.

Being the 18th child of a poetic parson, brought up in a family where brothers and sisters wrote to each other in verse, Charles Wesley thought in meter and wrote songs as naturally as some men write letters. It followed that he should turn his talent to writing songs for almost every situation in which a mortal needs help—for a sick child, "for all women labouring of child," for a "child in the Smallpox." He had hymns for prisoners of war, for Jews and Turks, and "for the heathen."

The hymns that found echo in the vast throngs that heard Methodist preachers in the fields, however, were those that told of Charles Wesley's own experience—his conversion, for instance, commemorated in the hymn *O For a Thousand Tongues to Sing*. These hymns were not merely written; they were written to be sung. Often they were sung to rollicking English, German, French, Welsh, and Italian folk tunes. As John Wesley once asked, "Why should the devil have all the good tunes?"

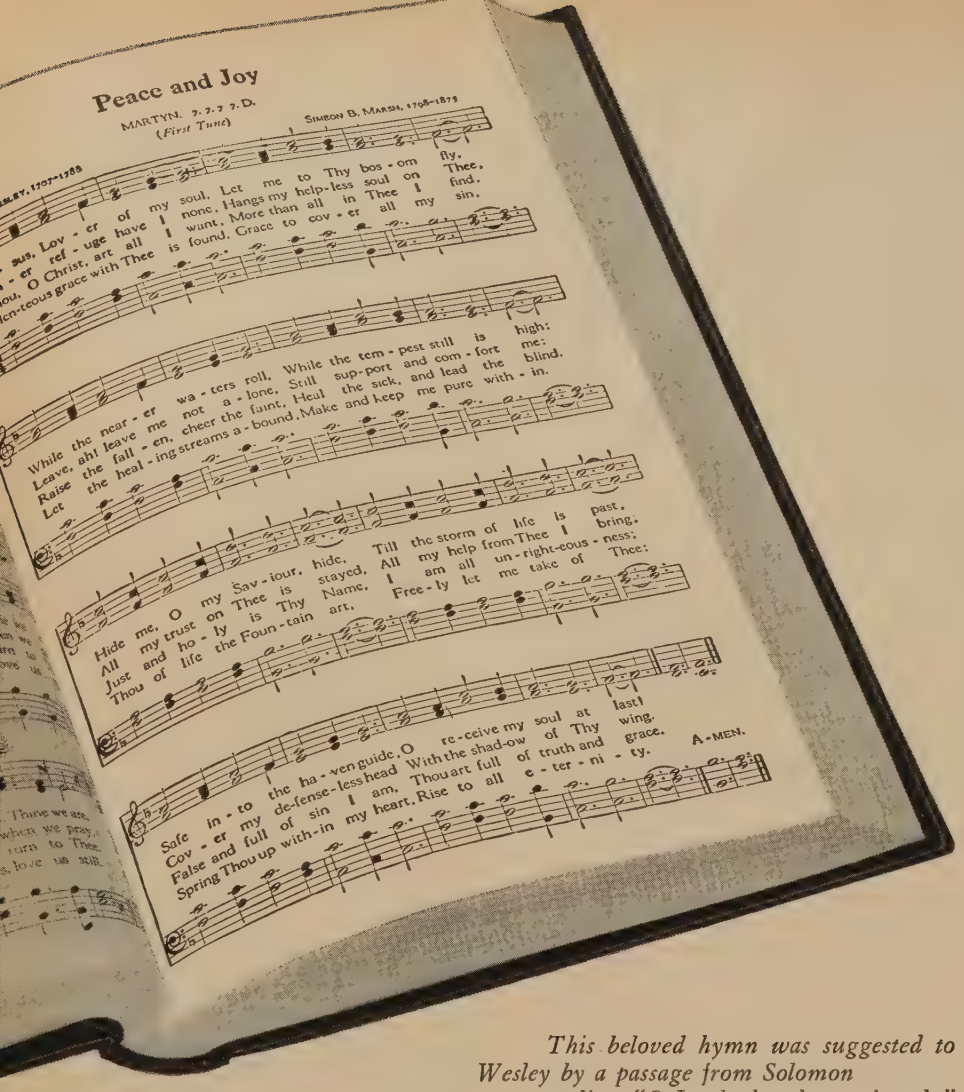
Once a friend introduced Charles Wesley to the German composer, George Frederick Handel, who composed three melodies for Wesley hymns. They never became popular, however—Wesley hymns belonged to the people and the people preferred their own tunes.

Not merely the tunes but the words of Wesley's hymns struck a response in the hearts of the desolate and rejected, helping create a contagious zeal for the new religious movement. His secret? Perhaps that Wesley filled hymns with his own convictions. As Mabel R. Brailsford points out in *A Tale of Two Brothers:* "In these songs Charles crystallized his own and his brother's teaching, presenting it to his converts in palatable form, till the most unlettered became unconsciously masters of Methodist theology . . . Every word was wrung out of Charles's own experience; he was himself the sinner, the believer and the lover."

It was this intensely personal and musical use of experience that gave early Methodism its stirring sound effects. John Wesley had written to his brother, "I may be in some sense the head and you the heart of the work." And nothing could have been more important to the new religious movement than its poetry, the vitality stirred by its songs. Without giving a voice to the throngs it touched, Methodism might have spent itself on the arid sands of speculation. It needed the transforming influence of song to become more than a body of doctrine.

For this religious warmth and enthusiasm there was a precedent in earlier sects of Protestantism. In several respects, but especially in massed singing, Methodism was indebted to the Moravians. As early as 1501 the Moravians had issued the first Protestant hymnal. Although a long period of neglect followed, the precedent was abundantly there for letting whole assemblies of people rejoice in song rather than delegating this form of worship to a choir. Isaac Watts encouraged the vocal tradition with his own great hymns, but they were designed for use in the sedate Church of England. The hymns of Wesley were freer and more exultant, applicable to daily circumstance. They were songs of the open road.

Much in the life of Charles Wesley suggests that he was destined from



This beloved hymn was suggested to Wesley by a passage from Solomon ending, "O Lord, thou lover of souls."

birth to be the song leader of early Methodism. His father, Samuel Wesley, spent hours composing Greek couplets, hoping in the pathetic way of authors and poets that one day they would make his fortune. They didn't. Never provident, Samuel spent some time in debtors' prison, but his continued striving with couplets showed a poetic streak that ran through all the Wesleys.

Likewise the oldest brother of Charles, called Sammy to distinguish him from his father, had a weakness for composing verse. Sammy was much like a father to Charles, for when Charles was eight years old he was taken from his parents and sent to Westminster School in London, where Sammy taught. During the formative years from eight to 18, Charles Wesley had no direct contact with his parents; there is no evidence that he even visited home during that period. Sammy in that time acted as a father.

These years of separation from normal family life may have done much to create longing and dreams of affection in such a responsive child. But Charles' dream images were of the eye and ear, not merely abstract thoughts. He was a sociable young man who saw conversation as a means of arriving at truth. Actually he, not John, founded the Holy Club at Oxford. And Charles, with his bent toward mysticism, had the deep religious experience of conversion before his brother.

The man who pitched the tunes of Methodism was a man of many facets; there is nothing simple about him except his faith as expressed in song. He has become so enshrined in stained-glass tradition that we tend to forget what a sore problem he was, not only to his contemporaries, but also to his brother, John. Only with great effort did he bring himself to be active in religious work. He preferred the peace and quiet of Oxford scholarship to the rampant labors of evangelist. The bitter reluctance he felt in yielding to the ordination urged upon him by his brother is evident in one of his letters: "I took my degree, and only thought of spending all my days at Oxford. But my brother, who always had the ascendant over me, persuaded me to accompany him and Mr. Oglethorpe to Georgia. I exceedingly dreaded entering into Holy Orders but he overruled me here also. . . ."

This sense of domination by an older brother runs as a dreary motif through the life of Charles. When the brothers were first together in Oxford, John spoke of "unpardonable exaggerations" by Charles; and once in those early days when John spoke to Charles about religion, Charles replied: "What, would you have me be a saint all at once?" Even after conversion one of his finest hymns, *Jesus, Lover of My Soul,* was omitted by John from the presumably final Methodist hymnbook of 1779. And all his hymns were given blue-pencil scrutiny by John before they were admitted at all to the hymnbooks.

Cynics of that day must have rejoiced when Charles finally rebelled against his brother's dominance. Unfortunately, the first stages of the breech were advertised scandalously. Charles had busied himself breaking up a genuine love affair between John and Grace Murray, a young widow he showed every inclination to marry. Not content with this, Charles hounded the good woman into marrying another Methodist preacher, John Bennett. Then, even after the couple had had a child and Bennett thought it not amiss that his wife be allowed to see John Wesley again, Charles urgently wrote Bennett: "Take care not to bring our two friends together again! . . . If you regard me as your real friend (and I know you do) follow my Christian advice, and never let them meet until they meet among the sheep on the right hand. I can easily convince you, if it be not self-evident, of the necessity of this advice."

Later the rebellion of Charles took a sharper form—one that sowed more seeds of discord. He strenuously opposed John's ordination of ministers for the growing Methodist

movement and remained in the Church of England. His son became a Catholic. Even in death, Charles defied his brother by requesting burial in the churchyard of St. Mary-le-bone, London, not in ground John had set aside for both of them.

Such cold and unleavened facts play a small part in present Methodist fare. But they must not be ignored; they reveal a man who at all times wrestled with his impulses. Charles Wesley was a man of complex and troubled mind, not a plaster saint. Yet he had the gift of imperishable song, and because of this gift he belongs to history and to Methodism.

Many of his surviving hymns reveal his insight into the human soul. They serve to remind us—in a time of glad-hand religion, when man often is advertised as omnipotent—that we are in fact dependent upon a power outside and beyond:

"All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring . . ."

Such hymns help to keep alive the cardinal tenets of faith that gave Methodism its vitality. More than just a link with the past, they provide a fellowship and a communion between past and present.

Whatever dissensions Charles Wesley stirred were more than overcome by the uniting power of his hymns. Two weeks after the death of his brother at 81, John held a service in northern England, one of the stormy scenes of early Methodism. He announced the first hymn with his usual quietness, but when he came to the lines of the second hymn—Charles' *Wrestling Jacob*—and reached the words, "My company before is gone, and I am left alone with thee," John's voice broke. He was not given to public displays, yet he covered his face with his hands and broke into uncontrollable tears. In a moment the whole Lancashire congregation was weeping with him.

There was symbolism in this incident. It appears that the differences of the two brothers had been suddenly caught up and resolved in song. A hymn of Charles Wesley had wrought a tremendous experience.

His hymns still have that same tanscendent power today.

Methodism Was Born in Song

It happened the night John Wesley and his friends hurried to tell Charles Wesley the news of the Aldersgate awakening.

LATE ON the night of May 24, 1738, John Wesley and a troop of exultant friends brought a stirring message to Charles Wesley at his London lodgings.

Earlier, John had gone "very unwillingly" to a Moravian prayer meeting in Aldersgate Street. He was still unhappy over his unsuccessful mission to America, depressed and full of self-doubts (*see pictorial, page 34*). As he listened to the reading of Luther's preface to the epistle to the Romans, suddenly he felt his heart "strangely warmed." From this moment of conversion, John Wesley was a changed man—and Methodism was launched.

Charles had been ill for several days—but now his soul leaped with joy as his brother entered the bedroom, crying: "I believe!" Then and there the two joined in song:

Where shall my wondering soul begin?
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeemed from death and sin,
A brand plucked from eternal fire!

The hymn, written by Charles the day before, is called appropriately enough, "Birth Song of Methodism."

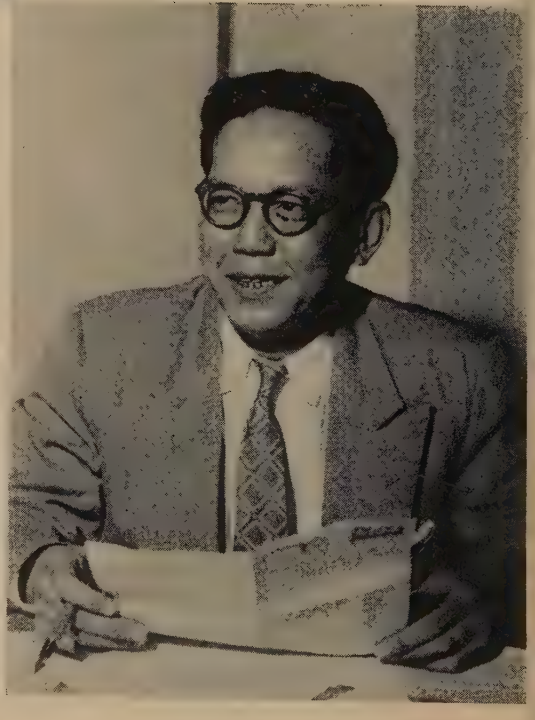
This crude old woodcut shows how contemporary and sometimes untrained artists attempted to capture the enthusiasm of that historic moment in Charles Wesley's room as the group sang out Methodism's "Birth Song."

CROWN WEARER: For Mrs. Findley, an honor as 20 million watch.

TITLED HOMEMAKER. Mrs America of 1958 is a Methodist mothe er—the granddaughter of a Methodi ist preacher and the wife of an in structor in the Air Forces College in Washington, D.C. She's Mrs. Harry W. Findley of Arlington, Va., 32, who won her crown over 48 other contestants as 20 million TV viewers —including her own four youngsters —watched. Entrants were judged on their cooking, sewing, ironing, and other homemaking skills in week-long competition. Active in community affairs and those of Calvary Methodist Church in Arlington, Mrs. Findley arose bright and early the day after she won her title—to attend services at the Park Temple Methodist Church in Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., host city of the competition. As she put it to the throng of bustling reporters who questioned her outside the building: "I have too much to be thankful for to let anything keep me from saying thanks in church."

Unusual

MILD-MANNERED STRONG MAN. Singapore's Chief Minister, Lim Yew Hock, is a rising star on the international horizon. In short order he has proved his mettle as a negotiator by winning from Britain the internal self-government Singapore has long sought—and his toughness as an anti-Communist by a full-scale crackdown on rioting Red demonstrators, in the course of which he threw an assemblyman into jail. Soft-spoken, informal, and easy to approach, Lim started his business-professional life as a junior clerk, won his spurs as a hard-working labor organizer. In '51 he came to the U.S. to study the workings of the labor movement here. He and his wife are active members of Singapore's Geylang Methodist Church. His hobby—talking to Methodist groups on Christianity's role in union affairs.

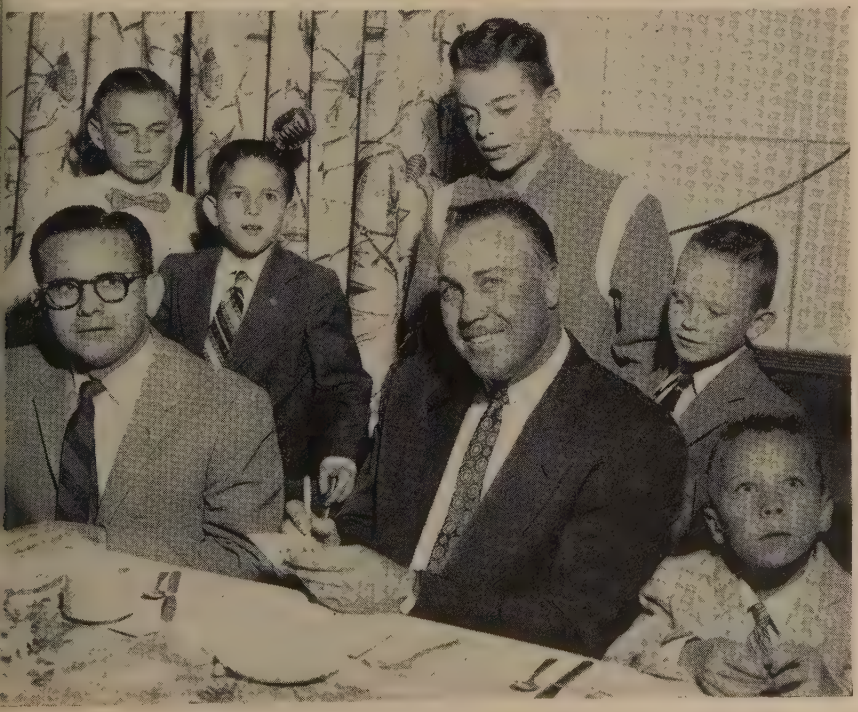


TROUBLE SHOOTER: Singapore Reds rioted; Lim Yew Hock cracked down.

MAN. From a YMCA worker to ne of the top officials in the Federal ureau of Investigation—that, in rief, is the career of Louis B. lichols. As a young lawyer, he orked with the YMCA in Washngton, D.C., found time to conduct eligious services each Sunday in urches in Washington and suburan Virginia and Maryland. For the st 23 years, he has been an FBI an, with service in major cities om coast to coast. In 1951 came his g break: He was named assistant Director J. Edgar Hoover. And hen Hoover heard that his assistant -an active member of Trinity Methdist Church in Alexandria, Va.—as to be in these pages, he wrote s a special letter, in which he dered: "I know that Mr. Nichols is leased to be considered the subject f this feature and all of his associates n the FBI agree that your choice is ndeed appropriate." We at TOGETHER nare that feeling.

FBI MAN: Washington layman Louis B. Nichols and his chief, J. Edgar Hoover.

Methodists



BATTER WITH A MISSION. High up in the ranks of baseball's power hitters stands Duke Snider of the Brooklyn Dodgers. But California Methodists rate him even higher as a working layman. In the Fallbrook Methodist Church, he works with Methodist Men and the MYF, helps on fund-collecting drives, serves on the finance committee, has even turned over money won on TV quiz shows. Then there are the little touches—like autographing a baseball for a Korean orphan the MYF is supporting (photo, left). His pastor's summary: "A friendly, genuine person, humble in the finer sense of the word. We are glad to have him in the church."

HOME-RUN SPECIALIST: Duke Snider's big outside interest—his church.

Should the Patient be Told

The problem: *A young woman in her 30s is afflicted with an incurable disease. She has two small children. She and her husband have had a happy home life. Now, with but weeks to live, should she be told of her condition?*

"The rule holds . . . never tell a patient unless she asks."

By SMILEY BLANTON
Consulting psychiatrist and author

WHETHER a young woman in her early 30s with two children should be told that she is going to die when she contracts an incurable disease depends on two factors.

The first is whether she wishes to know. Many people do not. For example, I knew of an intelligent woman, a psychologist, who must have known from her symptoms and the examinations she received that she was incurably ill. But she never asked.

I presume that in a situation where the patient had to make some decision about her family or her possessions, where grievous difficulties would occur if she did not take certain actions based on her probable death, one might insist on telling her. But the rule holds, I think, that you never tell a patient the real situation unless she asks.

The other factor is the combination of the patient's mental condition and character. Some people, if they were told they had an incurable illness, would go to pieces and perhaps have a mental breakdown. There are many who can keep some belief in eventual recovery no matter what the symptoms. They are quite incapable of accepting the hard realities of life. But the great majority of incurable patients are capable of accepting the truth and making the best of it.

A good deal depends upon the way the physician breaks the news to the patient. One wise physician I know never tells patients they are incurably ill without giving them some hope. He told me about a woman with inoperable cancer. She asked him if she was going to die and he replied, "Well, you have a tumor that threatens your life. It may destroy it. But we are all in God's hands and none of us is wise enough to make dogmatic statements about life. But it would be wise for you to prepare your mind and your heart and arrange your affairs, and then put yourself in the hands of the Almighty."

This was a physician talking, not a minister, but I think his attitude is one we all should take under similar circumstances.

A woman in her early 30s had cancer of the brain. She was not the type who could take the truth. However, the doctor told her husband what her condition was. He said, "The operation we have just performed will give her a longer life, but in the end it will be fatal." The husband wanted to know how long it would be; the surgeon replied that he could not tell. The husband pressed. "Just tell me from your experience," he demanded, "how long a patient with this condition should

:he Truth?

Here's a situation that physicians and ministers must face. Read the statement of the case. What would you do?

live after an operation." The surgeon replied, "This is guesswork, but I should say not much longer than a year. But it may be more—I can't say." The patient lived happily four years after the doctor's visit and mercifully died suddenly without pain.

It has been my experience that when patients wish to know their true condition and are lied to, it has a serious effect on them. They become bitter, resentful, suspicious. After all, if a person has such an illness as cancer the apprehension of his family and friends, the type of treatment he receives, and similar factors usually reveal to him that he is mortally ill. Therefore you are not sparing him by trying to conceal the truth.

I remember the case of a woman who came to me some years ago and said, "I had an operation for cancer some time ago and it has obviously returned. I am sure I am not going to live, but my doctor, my husband, and my mother all tell me I will soon be well. I know they are lying. When I face them with it they deny it, but I know I am right and it makes me unhappy. Why can't they tell me the truth? I can face it. It seems to me a poor way to die, with all your friends and loved ones deceiving you." She did die six months after that, still surrounded by a web of deceit.

How much better it is when the patient can approach the end with the feeling that he has the support, understanding, and confidence of his loved ones. Dr. Barney Brooks,

the distinguished professor of surgery at Vanderbilt for many years, would not operate if the family insisted that he must not tell the patient he faced a mortal illness. He said, "I won't enter into a situation where I can't tell the truth if I think the truth must be told." He told his patients they were mortally ill—if he thought they could take it and if they asked him.

It should be emphasized once more that it is the *way* in which you tell the patient his condition—your manner. I like the way the doctor with the religious outlook spoke to his patients. He said, "Always let them feel that we are only mortal and we don't know everything, and that they are in the hands of God."

"Frankness with a patient is good policy—usually."

By BEN F. LEHMBERG
Pastor, First Methodist Church, Colorado Springs, Colo.

A WOMAN in her early 30s, mother of two children, is dying from an incurable disease. Should she be told? That is the problem.

I asked an elderly saint about it. He said, "I would want to be told. After all, when I'm to take a trip I like to know in advance so I can get packed." But then I sought out a young woman, actually in her early 30s, and asked her. She answered, "I would not want to be told. I'm afraid I would just give up fighting."

To several friends I presented the same problem. Two answered, "It all depends." The third said, "If the patient asks, and her case is incurable, she should be told. It is never right to lie."

James R. Uhlinger, reviewing a group of books dealing with this subject in *Church Management,* expresses the minister's dilemma when he writes, "Nothing is quite as humiliating as for a minister to enter a sickroom or hospital and pray for healing and recovery, only to discover that the patient and family already understand that death is imminent. On the other hand, to succumb to medical, surgical, and diagnostic science and deny the role of faith, hope, and healing is equally confounding."

To say that here is a real problem facing the minister, the doctor, and the family is stating an obvious fact. One reason is fear of death. There are many people who do not want even to think about it. To tell such a fearful person that death is imminent may hasten the end.

William Randolph Hearst was one of America's best-known newspapermen. He once owned 25 daily newspapers with a paid circulation of over 5 million. He owned 17 Sunday papers with a total circulation of well over 6.5 million. In addition, he owned 13 general magazines and trade journals with a total of 12.5 million subscribers. A newsreel gave us the news as he wanted us to comprehend it. A motion-picture company distributed Hearst Feature Films. Hearst owned at least 2.5 million acres of land, had 10 radio stations under his control, held real estate valued at many millions. Yet here was a man who feared death. In fact, he gave strict orders that one word should never be spoken in his presence. It was "death."

This fear of death is quite prevalent. Every minister has seen signs of it time and again.

Yet we realize that death will come to all. Dr. Arnold A. Hutschnecker, New York internist, says, "Barring accidents and homicide, most people know when they are going to die." Death never takes a holiday. It comes to all; yet we try to pretend that it doesn't come at all.

Dr. Roy Pearson makes this observation in his book, *This Do—And Live* (Abingdon): "Here is a person who is about to set forth on the most glorious adventure in all of his life, and we cannot even talk to him about it! Here is someone soon to see what most of us have longed and longed to see, and we cannot discuss the matter with him."

All too often, when death does come, we act as if God has broken a promise. And so we have a service, gloomy and discouraging, over the dead. Hope appears to have died, too.

Actually, when death nears, many patients do not need to be told. They tell you. Just the other morning I was called into a home where death had come. An hour before the end the mother knew and told the members of her family. With them, she made plans for their future and expressed her wishes regarding her funeral service.

Of course, in deciding whether to tell the patient, the doctor's wishes must be considered. As a minister I am under obligation to co-operate with the doctor. However, I believe Dr. Warren H. Cole is right when he says that in cases of a "fairly stable individual" frankness with a patient is good "because sick people usually have enough strength of character to adjust to this knowledge and live the rest of their lives without jeopardizing their happiness or emotional stability."

If the doctor thinks it is wise to talk to the patient about it, and the family is agreeable, the minister still faces serious questions: Why should the subject be brought up? What will be gained? How should the subject be approached?

In my opinion, unless there is strong emphasis on hope of immortality, there is no earthly reason why the subject should be carried any further. However, the minister can be of immeasurable help if he has such a love for life, and such a hope for life hereafter, that he exemplifies the strong faith of Sir Wilfred Grenfell, who said, "I am very much in love with life. I want all I can get out of it. I want more of it, after the incident called death, if there is any to be had." Such a minister can sometimes instill in the patient so strong a desire for life that, in spite of all medical diagnoses to the contrary, the patient recovers and has many more useful years of life.

On the other hand, the minister can bring peace and calmness to the dying with his strong hope in immortality. I have observed that those who walk through the valley of the shadow of death often welcome an opportunity for a reaffirmation of their faith in "the life everlasting." They want to be reminded that "neither death, nor life . . . nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord." (Romans 8:38, 39.)

No varsity football team at Emory—but 150 young men play in intramural leagues.

At Emory University—

They PLAY the Game!

By BLAKE CLARK

MOST SPORTS FANS probably never heard of Emory University in suburban Atlanta, Ga., but it is quietly and efficiently turning out more all-round athletes than any other institution of its size in the country.

At Emory, a Methodist-related institution, there is no varsity football team, yet 150 fully equipped players hit the field each season. They play on one of the nation's finest gridirons —which has no grandstand!

One thousand Emory men and women annually participate in individual and team sports in its famous intramural program. While no single quintet represents this university in basketball, 40 teams in four leagues ring the baskets in hotly contested tournaments of their own. They play no intercollegiate baseball, but some 300 men in 20 teams furiously bat it out among themselves each spring.

No athletic aristocrats preen themselves on this campus. No one receives a scholarship, room, board, or tuition for athletic ability. The freshman who has no skill in sports receives more personal attention and expert coaching than the man who arrives with a football halo. A Phi Beta Kappa tapping ceremony draws more fans than a track meet. Yet, 76 per cent of the undergraduates actively participate in sports. They play the game instead of yelling at it. For several generations of Emory students, the rule has been: Intercollegiate competition in minor sports only.

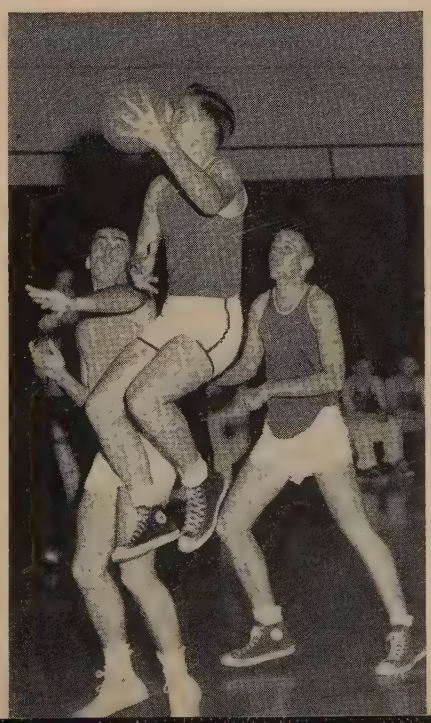
The parent of the Emory system was Bishop Warren A. Candler. While president of Emory in 1891, he saw a baseball game with the University of Georgia end in a free-for-all fight. Already horrified by the "demoralizing influence of match games," the bishop forbade further intercollegiate competition in major sports.

Then, while the football fever was striking on most other campuses, Emory students organized one of America's first systems of intramural sports. There were no paid coaches, only versatile faculty members who put on uniforms and tutored the boys in sports after classes.

The system received a shot in the arm in 1942 when Tom McDonough became Emory's first professor of physical education. Although a veteran mentor of many football teams and referee of more than 1,700 basketball games, McDonough is no typical coach. He believes that universities should work for well-balanced students, developed both physically and mentally. His ideal is athletics for all.

At his first roll call in the locker room, the new director found a sorry lot of physical specimens. Coming from high schools which offered no sports except for those who excelled, 25 per cent were so woefully deficient in elementary skills that they could not catch a softball.

McDonough put all the freshmen



Jumping to score two points, a basketball player shows skill developed in intramural contests.

through tests to determine their PQ —physical quotient—then separated them according to their ability into three groups.

He started the bunglers in the lowest group, with simple tumbling exercises. Then, patiently leading them up through conditioning exercises and simple games, McDonough introduced them to volleyball, softball, basketball, soccer, tennis, handball, and golf. Each eventually received instruction in six team and six individual sports. At the end of the sophomore year, they came back for new tests. The average boy now could do more chin-ups, run the 60 yards seconds faster, jump a foot farther, and put the shot six feet more.

Class and fraternity games drew intensely loyal supporters. Sigma Nus and Pi Kappa Alphas inaugurated a postseason Duck Bowl game, after which the losers treated the winners to a duck dinner.

At the start of the basketball season, more than 500 boys hit the boards. Eleven league games were scheduled within the first five hours of intramural competition. On an average day, 20 games were in progress. Each boy had a place on a team, received expert instruction, competed in seven to 10 match games. Enthusiasm ran so high that in 250 games in voluntary league competition, not a single team defaulted through absence.

Similarly in baseball, softball, tennis, and other sports. Well over half of Emory's students participated in some form of organized sports.

High-jumping is just one part of this student's sports activity. Emory's 13-man athletic staff studies each freshman, then prepares his tailor-made program.

At Emory, any boy who wishes can receive expert coaching in football—and other sports—and play against students of his own size and ability. As a result, some 150 students, of whom not one in 10 had ever played, flocked out to the football fields.

A fleet of coaches drawn from the experienced athletes in Emory's colleges of law, medicine, theology, and engineering taught them the fine points. Each team selected its own formation and competed in its own league. They played a full schedule of six games, refereed by officials of the Southeastern Conference. Coaches gave a chance to play four or five positions to any man who wished it.

McDonough's tests revealed that 15 per cent of the boys could not swim; 35 per cent more, who thought they could, would have been a liability to themselves and to anyone around them if they had run into trouble. So, from Massachusetts, McDonough brought Ed Shea, a Springfield College graduate, followed later by Ed Smyke, to teach swimming.

At Emory, Shea taught the 500 freshmen and sophomores to swim so well that 225 earned Red Cross lifesaving certificates while another 200 became skilled swimmers. His aim was to make every man an expert in the water. Meanwhile, Emory has developed varsity teams whose members have won many national and regional AAU championships as well as seven out of eight victories in dual meets against tough opposition.

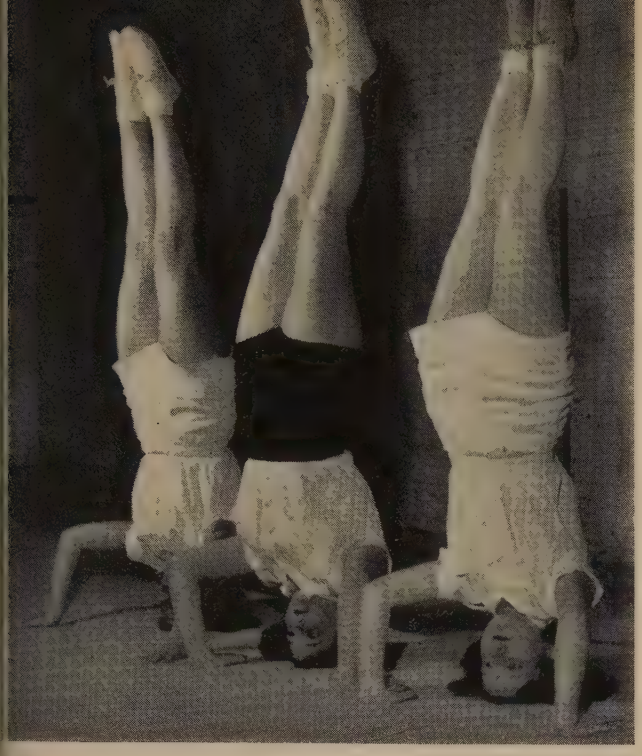
In Emory's sports program, chief emphasis is placed on games which students can play long after they graduate. Consequently, golf has a prominent place. Coach Ed Welch puts a college-provided club in every freshman's hands and teaches him the proper grip, stance, and swing. From movie screens, Bobby Jones and Ben Hogan demonstrate the style of champions.

Since 1953, when women were first admitted to all divisions of the university, "co-recreational" classes in golf, swimming, badminton, and tennis have been offered. Everyone's tennis game gets attention. No one has to make the team to get instruction in the correct form. McDonough also invites experts to give non-credit instruction in such sports as fishing, archery, horseshoe pitching, and badminton.

Under these stimulating conditions, boys and girls who never knew that they had athletic ability often blossom into exceptional performers. One frail, 125-pound student who had not attempted to go out for football in high school—and who would not even have been allowed to don a uniform in most colleges—made quarterback on his class team at Emory. And plenty of other students have been similarly surprised to find themselves stars on intramural teams under Emory's unusual athletic program.

The most sought-after athletic distinction in the universtiy is not a varsity letter but the Bridges trophy, awarded the outstanding performer in a number of sports. This cup, of bronze and gold, is donated by Robert and Russell Bridges, brothers and natural athletes who gave up a chance at national fame as All-American football stars to enroll at Emory. They were sold on the system of variety in sports rather than specialization.

One trophy winner would have been unable to participate in sports in most colleges for lack of time.



Emory coeds learn balance in a topsy-turvy world.

le worked his way through school
-yet, fitting his sports into his regu-
r physical-education classes, he be-
me an outstanding player in six
mes.

Another winner, without neglect-
ig his premedical course, became a
arsity swimmer and master of nine
her sports.

Today, in his first sweep over
mory's expansive campus the visitor
nses the large part that sports play
the lives of students. On three ter-
ces of playing fields, hundreds of
oys in blue jerseys and white shorts
at out homers, race down cinder
aths, vault over bars, or drive tennis
alls across a dozen nets.

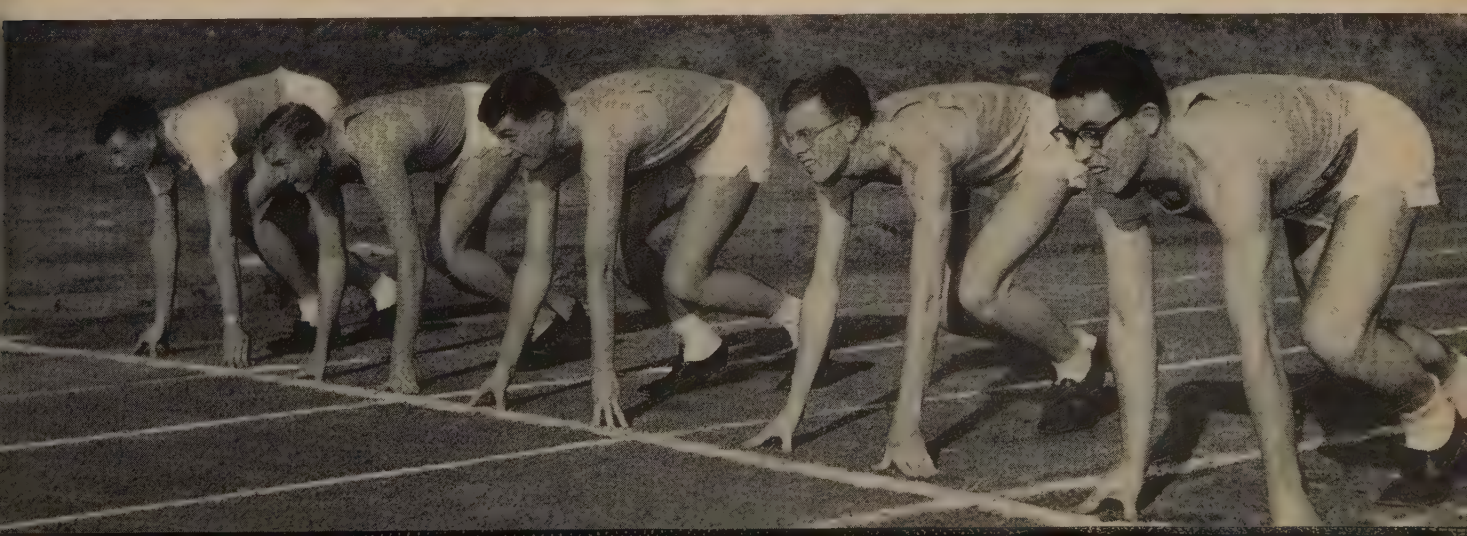
With only twice the amount spent
y most universities in recruiting a football team, Emory finances its entire physical-education program, in which 4,000 men and women participate. It provides salaries for nine full-time professors of physical education and four assistant coaches, the upkeep of 10 acres of playing fields, a gymnasium, a 250,000-gallon swimming pool, and complete athletic equipment including hundreds of uniforms for baseball, football, and basketball players. It also covers the operation of a university laundry which provides players with complete changes of underwear, socks, T-shirts, and practice jerseys each day at no charge; it even washes 1,000 towels a day. The money, like that for the needs of all other departments, comes from the university's general funds. Alumni, traditionally enemies of intramural sports, give generous support to the Emory system. They chipped in $500,000 for a model field house and gymnasium and have been loyal rooters for their school.

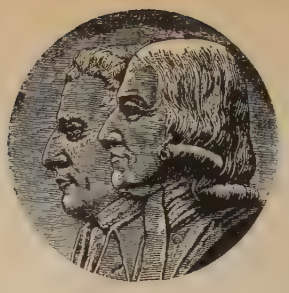
Without benefit of gate receipts from subsidized athletics, Emory, with more than 4,000 students and an endowment of $35 million, has reached the first rank of Southern universities. Every one of its schools is fully accredited; it is one of the 93 universities in the U.S. permitted to award the Phi Beta Kappa key.

Retiring president Goodrich C. White, who became university chancellor this month, is a former 120-pound quarterback at Emory. He is convinced that the Emory plan is an educator's dream. "The purpose which distinguishes a university from other institutions is intellectual growth—learning and achievement," he says. "Our sports program strengthens this purpose just as a subplot in a play supports the theme."

The "athletics for all" program is gaining headway. A number of institutions are strengthening their intramural sports; a few others have abolished intercollegiate competition in major sports. In announcing his school's decision to join Emory, one college president declared, "We see no reason why one corporation should hire a specialized group of employees to outrun, outbump, and outbruise the specialized employees of another corporation hired for the same purpose. Postwar college football has no more relation to education than bullfighting has to agriculture." The folks at Emory have felt that way for well over 60 years.

Heavy participation in track and field events such as the 60-yard dash (below) underscores Emory's slogan: "Athletics for all."





Wesley brothers—
John (born 1703, died 1791)
and Charles (1707-88).

The Wesleys in Georgia

THAT medallion above shows two grim and gray men. It is from a stone in Westminster Abbey depicting them as the historians seem to see them, sober and austere. But we hold two slightly unconventional theories about John, founder of Methodism, and his hymn-writing brother, Charles, who is especially honored this year (*see pages 1 and 23*).

First, we are quite sure they were once young men with dark hair and tingling blood and a zeal for adventure that they tried to channel through scholarship learned at Oxford and ordination in the Church of England. Facts of the case support our theory, we believe.

Go back to 1735. To London came famed General Oglethorpe to recruit graduates for a new model colony in far-off Georgia. For secretary, he chose Charles. John went as missionary, fired with a holy fervor to convert the pagan Indians. But disillusionment came fast in Georgia. Charles left in five months—via Boston, incidentally, where Methodists still remember that he preached in Christ Church on Salem Street. John stayed less than two years, sailing December 2, 1737, with a heavy heart. He had been frustrated in love. He had been disappointed by the Indians. They were "gluttons, thieves . . . liars," he said.

This leads to our second theory . . . Though historians generally date Methodism from the pivotal Aldersgate experience in London, May 24, 1738, when John's heart was "strangely warmed," that event probably wouldn't have happened if he hadn't come to America.

En route, a terrifying storm rocked and rolled the good ship *Simmonds*. The Wesley brothers were alarmed—then were completely amazed to see Moravian emigrants, from Germany, calmly singing hymns. They had a peace of mind John Wesley did not have but craved mightily. His torment of spirit mounted during his frustrating stay in Georgia. Finally peace came in the emotional cleansing at Aldersgate.

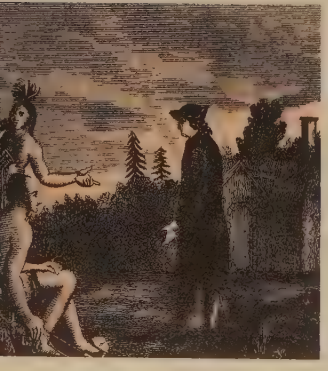
So although historians don't put it quite that way, we think America did play a vital role in the development of John Wesley and of Methodism. That's why we asked our Art Editor, Floyd A. Johnson, to pack his paints and slip off for a week in Georgia. The monument marking the spot where the Wesley brothers first set foot on American soil was pictured on page 2 of the July TOGETHER. Here we reproduce Floyd Johnson's memorable water colors. They start with history, then show Methodist-memoried sites as you can see them today on St. Simons Island . . . where Spanish moss sways from live oaks, and Methodists still treasure stories of days when the Wesley brothers were there.—THE EDITORS

Test of faith. It was bitter winter. The angry North Atlantic buffeted the Georgia-bound brig. The Wesley brothers watched in wonder as 26 pious Moravians sang calmly while waves washed the deck (see woodcut, left). Impressed, John asked: "Were you not afraid?" To which one replied: "I thank God, no." And in that hour John glimpsed the faith he was later to find at Aldersgate.

Adventure in New World: *On February 6, 1736, John and Charles Wesley landed in Georgia—a colonial settlement of less than 1,000 people. With youthful zeal they began to recruit for Christ, Charles attracting a crowd by beating on a big drum. But they failed. The formal ways of England's high church appealed to neither settler nor Indian.*

Romance! *John fell in love with attractive Sophia Hopkey, age 18. He was 32. The couple broke up, but most biographers agree that John could have married her.*

This water color depicts John Wesley preaching at the storied Wesley Oak. Below is a contemporary artist's conception of the mission which, to Wesley's heartache, converted few.



Still a beacon *which you can visit, this towering old lighthouse stands on St. Simons Island, in the Wesley country of southeast Georgia.*

Storied ruins: *Old Fort Frederica is a tourist treat for visitors to St. Simons Island. It was erected in 1736 by Gen. James Edward Oglethorpe as a defense post against the Spanish—but the cannons here were never fired in war. Methodists remember the Wesley brothers held the first services here and the fort now is a national monument.*

Focus of Methodist interest on St. Simons Island, off Georgia's coast, is Lovely Lane chapel (above). Named after the church in Baltimore, Md., where the historic Christmas organization conference of the church was held in 1784, it stands today as a reminder that here the Wesley brothers preached and prayed in America over two centuries ago.

Promises to Peter!

BY CHARLIE W. SHEDD

Out of his love for his newborn son, a father draws some simple vows—guideposts for any dad leading his boy to Christian manhood.

THIS IS for Peter Jay. He was born early this morning. (Preachers' sons *should* be born on Sunday morning.) Although he is less than 12 hours old, he is a very unusual child. Dr. Arrendell said so. He has delivered some 3,000 babies and every one of them was favored indeed to have him there. Such a wise doctor should know a bright child when he sees one. And, therefore, I would have a word with my new son.

This is a great life, Peter, and I'm glad you were born into it. We wanted you very much. For the last nine months we have been talking about you. Actually, we have been thinking of you for many years.

Your mother and I fell in love when we were very young. I remember the picnic when we sat in the park, talked about our babies, and named you. So you have been in our dreams for a long time. For five years after we were married there were no babies, and then Philip came. He did us so much good that the Lord looked down one day and said, "There is a couple in need of another baby." And here we are now, with three more because the first one did us so much good.

Philip, Karen, and Paul have taught me much. We've learned a lot together. Therefore, there are some things I want to promise you.

First, I pledge that I will remember always that it takes a lot of love to make good children.

You have the nicest grandpa. One day Dad Petersen and I were sitting in the living room and I asked him, "Dad, how did you ever produce a wonderful daughter like Martha?" He smiled and said, "Charlie, you can do anything you want with a child if you love him enough." He was so right. As we work with people, we discover that security and stability come most to those people who have been most loved in their homes.

Of course, there will be some punishment. But what is punishment? It can be either for correction or revenge. I believe it is the nature of God—both here and hereafter—to punish only to make better. I promise you, Peter, that before I punish you, I will ask myself this question: "Am I punishing him for him—or am I punishing him for me?"

The Chinese have a proverb which says, "He who strikes the first blow has run out of ideas." I feel like that, Peter. For me, to administer physical punishment is an admission of failure. It reveals that I don't think hard enough for better ideas. I don't mean that you will be overindulged. It will be hard to draw the line, but whenever I don't know I hope that I will always err on the side of love.

Next, I promise you that I will never say "No" if I can possibly say "Yes."

We see it often. Babies raised in a positive atmosphere develop much better personalities than those who perpetually hear the words "No," "Stop," "Don't."

Let me show you what I mean. This has to do with a dirty old bale of binder twine. When we moved from Nebraska to Oklahoma we brought it along. I had used it there to tie up sacks of feed and miscellaneous items. It cost something like $1.15. So I said, "Now, Philip, you see this binder twine? I want you to leave it alone." But it held a strange fascination for him and he began to use it anytime he wanted. I would say, "Don't," "No!" and "You can't!" But all to no avail.

That went on for six or eight months, and then one day I came home tired. There was the garage, looking like a no man's land with binder twine across, and back and forth, and up and down. I had to cut my way through to get the car in. And was I provoked? I ground my teeth as I slashed at that binder twine. Suddenly, when I was halfway through the maze, a light dawned. I asked myself, "Why do you want this binder twine? What if Philip does use it?"

So when I went in to supper that night, Philip was there and I began, "Philip, about that binder twine." He hung his head and said, "Yes, Daddy." Then I said, "Philip, I've changed my mind. You can use that old binder twine anytime you want. What's more, all those tools in the garage that I have labeled 'No,' you go ahead and use them. I can buy new tools but I can't buy new boys." There never was a sunrise like that smile. "Thanks, Daddy," he said. And guess what, Peter? He hasn't touched that binder twine since!

So there it is. I will say "Yes" every time I can. A positive background for a little boy—I hope I can give that to you.

Here is my third promise: I pledge that I will really be with you when I am with you.

That may sound odd, but a little lady in our church taught me a lesson. I was sympathizing with her one night because her husband was gone often. I said, "It must be hard to have him away from home." She smiled at me and said, "Oh, yes, but

some men don't have to be home much." When her husband was home, he was really *home*.

I sat with a young doctor recently. We were talking about this and we decided that with people on schedules such as ours, it is important to be present when we are present. For instance, a little boy said to me not long ago, "One thing I don't like at our house is the newspaper." As we discussed it, he said that every night his father comes home, props the newspaper in front of him, and says, "Now you go away until I finish the news." Peter, there never has been anything in the news, there never will be anything in the news, but that you are more important.

Time is a problem with Daddy, but you will be glad to know that we have one night a week at our house when to the church committees and to the people who call from distant places with, "Won't you give a speech at our banquet?" we say, "This is our night to lie on the floor and romp, to pop popcorn, and play games." You know, Peter, I have never had anyone argue. They seem to understand what we are doing.

Sometimes when I go away, you will go with me and we will stop at every other dime store and buy balloons and eat hamburgers. We will talk about things you want to talk about like, "Why isn't a cow green when it eats so much grass?" Or, "What's inside a nail?" Or, "Is there really a man in the moon?" And sometimes if I come home and I am tired (too bad we leave our worst behavior for those we love the most), I hope you will remind me that I promised you—one Sunday before you were 12 hours old—that when I am home, I will *really* be home.

I pledge you now that I will try to see things from a child's point of view.

I learned something the other day, Peter. I was fixing the high chair for you. I was down on the floor and supper was on the table. You know something? The mashed potatoes on Paul's plate looked like a whole mountain of snow. Mother seemed to be a huge giant sitting there, and Karen was certainly large for being only seven years. I had caught a glimpse of how things look to little eyes.

Yes, when you come in shouting, "There's a cowboy pistol down at Danner's that makes smoke and I've got to have it right now," I promise you that I will try to see it from your angle and arrive at a sensible answer.

The other day I was in a restaurant and a little girl said, "Mommy, can I have another helping?" Her mother said, "No." Then the little girl asked, "Why not, Mommy?" And her mother answered: "Because I said so." Well now, I hope we will be able to talk and find some reasonable answers. So I will try to see your point of view and not make the mistake of expecting you to be an adult too quickly. And, just as important, I hope I will not try to keep you a baby when you want to be an adult.

Comes now a small item, but very hard sometimes. I promise to be a good waiter.

We had a wonderful Negro lady who took care of Philip, Karen, and Paul until she moved away recently. When she left it was like a familiar tree going down outside the window. It left a hole in our landscape. Sometimes when we would scold your big brothers, she would say: "Ah, now, he's only little. Just let him grow. All he needs is a great big dose of waitin' on the Lord."

When your Cub Scout mother calls and says that Peter has been naughty the last two meetings, when your teacher phones to inform us that Peter is having trouble with his arithmetic, I hope I will be able to produce "a great big dose of waitin' on the Lord." So many things work out in time.

And here is the top promise. I will do everything I can to put your hand in God's hand, that you may walk forever with him.

I see many people with their problems—and numberless folks are lost in the high weeds. Yet I have never seen one of them but that his problem centers in this: He has lost his hold on the hand of God.

You see, Peter, you don't really belong to me. God put you here. What is a baby? Science says that a baby is 14 per cent coal tar, 19 per cent calcium, 8 per cent phosphorus, 11 per cent magnesium, and so on. That is a baby. But someday, Son, you will be married and have a baby of your own. And when the woman you love holds that baby in her arms, you will know that anything as wonderful as a baby *had* to come from God.

I hope that I will be able to make religion natural to you. It *is* natural. In fact, this relationship with God is the only thing that is 100 per cent natural. We will pray together until it is easy for you to put your arms on the window sill of heaven and look into the face of God.

Before I put you back in your crib, I want to tell you something Philip once said.

We had been out in the country for a ride. It was evening and we ran out of gas. We were walking along after we had been to the farmhouse and I was carrying a can of gas. Philip was only four. He was playing along, throwing rocks at the telephone poles, picking flowers, and then, all of a sudden it got dark. Sometimes night comes quickly in the country. Philip came over, put his little hand in mine, and said, "Take my hand, Daddy. I might get lost."

Peter, there is a hand reaching to you from the heart of the universe. If you will lay your hand in the hand of God and walk with him, you will never, never get lost.

READER'S CHOICE

Promises to Peter was originally an address to his congregation by the Rev. Charles W. Shedd, of First Presbyterian Church, Ponca City, Okla., on the morning Peter was born. It first appeared, in August, 1953, in *Household* magazine, with whose permission we share it with you. Peter now is a Texan—four years old. His father serves Memorial Drive Presbyterian Church, Houston.

Mrs. Dale Hall, Ogallah, Kan., receives $25 as the first to nominate this article. Why don't *you* send title, author, date, and source of your favorite story or article to *Together's* Reader's Choice Editor? First one nominating a selection we use will receive $25.

Teens Together

with an ex-teen-ager

By "Dick" Richmond Barbour, Ph.D.

Problems of dating, family conflicts, careers—for each one "Dick" Barbour has a thoughtful and helpful reply.

Q *Can good Christians take part in high-school hazing? I mean such things as making freshmen boys and girls wear funny clothes, accept swats, and run errands for sophomores. We stopped hazing at our school and have a Welcome Week instead. The school in the next township still permits hazing. My boy friend goes there. He says we're sissies to have a Welcome Week. What do you think?—M.F.*

A Christianity expresses itself in love, kindliness, helpfulness. You are not sissies at your school. Congratulations on Welcome Week. Basically, hazing is cruel. Although some Christian boys and girls may take part, they do it without thinking.

Q *When is a girl old enough to date? I'm almost 15. My father says no dates until I'm 18. I wouldn't smooch, I'd go only with nice boys. Am I too young?—J.F.*

A It all depends on your community. In many places nice girls of 15 have dates. In other places only the wilder ones do. Ask your folks to talk with your girl friends' parents and the church youth leaders.

Q *I am a boy of 17; my girl friend is 15. We would have a better time if it weren't for her mother. My girl and I don't do anything wrong, but her mother is a very doubting woman. Even when we go to MYF she thinks we park. She always questions us. Do you suppose she was not a good girl when she was young? I guess she doesn't like me. I know I don't like her. What can I do?—B.B.*

A Try to like her. Probably she senses your feelings. Maybe that is the reason for her suspiciousness. As long as you are antagonistic she will be antagonistic. Start doing nice things for her. After she accepts a favor or two from you, you'll like her better. Her present attitude does not mean she was a bad girl. It means she loves her daughter and is anxious about her welfare.

Q *What sport should I go out for at school? My parents are dead. My guardian tells me I must be more athletic. He says sports will build up my character. Can you help me?—D. M.*

A Many people feel that the best sports for young folk are the ones which they can enjoy all their lives. Not the ones requiring big teams and fancy equipment. Examples of good sports are swimming, tennis, golf, badminton, volley ball, squash, handball.

I suggest you shop around this semester. Try out different activities. Then choose the one in which you're most likely to excel. I believe that in many schools sports activities do have the effect of building character strength. I also know that in other schools they may have the opposite effect. It depends chiefly on the character of the coach.

Q *My piano teachers say I have unusual ability and I'd like to become a concert artist. However, I have epilepsy. Would this keep me from succeeding?*—J.F.

A We've made great progress in controlling epilepsy. Probably you can be optimistic. Chances are, your success will depend solely on your talent and work. See your doctor.

Q *Is a boy 19 too old for a girl 14? There is this five years' difference in the ages of my boy friend and me. My folks say I can't go with him. My father is 10 years older than my mother. If that doesn't matter to them, why should five years matter to us?*—A.M.

A Five years' difference now is more important than a 10-year difference later on. Find a boy closer to your age.

Q *I can't understand my father. I'm 14 and a good girl. My father will not let me have any freedom. I want to be with my friends these evenings. My father makes me stay in the house. He boasts of the bad stunts he did as a boy. He admits doing things I'd never dream of doing. How can I convince*

Looks at movies

By Harry C. Spencer
General Secretary, Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission

● *Films are rated for audience suitability. Also, the symbols (+) and (—) provide "yes" or "no" answers to the question: Do the ethical standards in the film in general provide constructive entertainment?*

Bernardine: *Youth (—)*

Problems the adolescent faces in growing up are charmingly but unrealistically presented in a film which has for its main attraction the easy singing and acting of newcomer Pat Boone. Though Pat and the other boys are a bit old for high-school students, their antics are interesting.

The D.I.: *Adults (—)*

Although this film was done with the co-operation of the U.S. Marines, this drill instructor hardly makes good recruiting copy. Jack Webb is the sergeant at the end of the line of buck-passing officers in a training center. So he shouts his insults at the raw recruits. The excuse for the almost sadistic treatment is that war is worse. Webb's motives, however, seem more colored by an instinct for preservation of his Marine status.

Island in the Sun: *Adults (—)*

The development of the submerged Negro population of a British island colony is the background for haphazard romantic tribulations. Many will question the portrayal of racial relationships—including the marriage of a white soldier to a Negro secretary.

The Prince and the Showgirl: *Adults (—)*

Laurence Olivier and Marilyn Monroe are largely wasted in this farce about a European prince visiting London for the coronation in 1911. He tries to seduce the American show girl, but since Marilyn has been around, she parries his advances while at the same time leading him on.

Man on Fire: *Adults (+) Youth (+)*

Bing Crosby gives the part of the "other husband" (the first) a believable realism in this soap opera about what to do with a child of divorced parents. When his wife fell in love with someone else, Bing let her have a divorce but stipulated he wanted custody of their small son. Two years later the wife decides she wants the son back. The boy is caught in the middle.

Million Dollar Counterfeit: *Adults (+) Youth (—)*

A clever plan to float $1 million in counterfeit notes in the British Isles is carefully worked out to the last shilling. It almost succeeds.

Sweet Smell of Success: *Adults (—)*

A supposed exposé of an unscrupulous press agent and the even more evil columnist, this film starring Tony Curtis and Burt Lancaster has a slimy, though dramatic, impact.

Tammy and the Bachelor: *Family (+)*

Debbie Reynolds is a naïve girl from Louisiana's backwoods bayous. When Grampa (Walter Brennan), her only relative, is taken away to jail, she goes to live in a big plantation house. There she shows a courage and wisdom not evident in the decayed and poverty-tricken society still dreaming of a long-dead past.

Third Key: *Family (+)*

A series of safe burglaries in important British firms brings in a team of Scotland Yard investigators. The case seems hopeless until Jack Hawkins makes a surprising discovery.

Loving You: *Adults (+) Youth (+)*

Those who do not like Elvis Presley's hip-swiveling gyrations and sullen smile will not change their minds after seeing his latest film. Those who study the young man's vocal tricks, however, will find here a maturity of tonal quality and certainty of style that is so unusual it explains in part his meteoric rise to national fame. The film tells the story of a country boy who takes a dare and sings with a traveling orchestra ("from Texas") at a political rally. The husband and wife (conductor and manager of the orchestra respectively) realize they have found a gold mine and make him a bobby-sox idol.

him I'm a better girl than he was a boy?—W.T.

A Memories are tricky; possibly your father didn't do all the things he talks about. Don't take his stories too seriously. You are facing the commonest teen-age problem. You think of yourself as nearly grown; your father thinks of you as almost a child. Get your folks to talk with your friends' parents and compare rules. Invite your friends into your home so your father can meet them. Make good use of what freedom you have. Ask your mother how she solved the problem when she was 14. Perhaps you can get her to help you.

Q *My mother scolded me when our grades came out. I got C and D grades. She said I should have earned A or B. I told my grandmother about it. She showed me my mother's old report cards and we found plenty of Ds on them. Wasn't it wrong for my mother to scold me?—G.G.*

A Most parents want their children to make better records than they made. You'll feel the same way when the time comes. If you got low grades through laziness or carelessness the scolding was deserved. However, if you did your best you shouldn't have been criticized.

Q *I just had my 13th birthday. Now I can write to you. I like boys, but they don't like me. My mother told me not to plan on going steady for several years. What do kids mean when they speak of going steady?—K.C.*

A They mean that the girls agree not to go out with other boys, and the boys not to go out with other girls. Usually they mean walking to class together and spending many afternoons and evenings in each other's company. If they go to dances they usually dance only with each other. Going steady is a pretty serious business.

●

ANSWERS FOR TEEN-AGERS. *Dr. Richmond Barbour is head of San Diego's public-school counseling service, an expert on teen problems. Why not bring your questions to him and reap the benefit of his advice? Address him* c/o Together, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.*

I can't afford a baby sitter

A Together in the Home feature

By DOROTHY VAN ARK

HURRYING HOME to pay off the baby sitter after a Saturday shopping spree, I sat down beside a young woman on the crowded bus. Suddenly, without the slightest word of introduction she burst out:

"Isn't it awful! All week long you can't wait to get away from them. Then the minute you do, you can't wait to get back."

That's when it struck me: Baby sitters don't pay! I may try to get away from my children but I can't escape them. Since that day on the bus I've never felt I could afford a sitter. I still get tired and bored and fed up with my children. But to get away, just for the sake of "getting away," doesn't seem to make sense.

So I've developed a new way to baby-sit—and escape, too. I discovered it one Sunday afternoon. The floor was strewn with newspapers and the noise of the children was making me jumpy.

"Mommie, Dexter's got the funnies and he won't let me see!"

"Mommie, make Carol stop playing her accordion in here. I can't do my homework."

"Mommie . . . Mommie" . . . endlessly.

"What you need is to get away," my husband offered. "If you had a sitter, I'd take you out to dinner."

But I'm not hungry for dinner, I thought. And the noise is only ruffling the surface of me. It's this feeling inside I want to get away from, the sense of getting nowhere and being bored.

"Mommie! Now he's torn them! Right down the middle of Donald Duck. I'll never get the funnies."

"And I'll never get away," I thought bleakly.

"Come on, all of you!" My voice was sharp. "We've got to get out of the house. I don't know where, but we'll go *somewhere.*"

Somewhere was beside the dry irrigation ditch below our place. We walked down the western hillside between spiked balls of cactus to an old cottonwood tree. We took along a rope and the girls climbed up and tied it over a high limb.

"Try it, Mommie," Carol urged. I did, swinging out across the ditch, not reaching the other side, my feet fanning the air.

"Hey, she's stuck," Mark called. "Pull her back to shore!"

Dexter gave me a hand and as I struggled back onto

the bank blurted something I'll never forget. "Gosh, Mommie, what's got into you? You're so *good* to us." All of a sudden I was no longer going nowhere and I wasn't bored.

That's the day a sitter would have cost me a small fortune. It made me realize that having fun with my children gives me my greatest lift.

Another thing, my baby-sitting days are going fast! Recently, I sat with a group of wives at a convention our husbands were attending. A Mrs. Harmon said: "It seems only yesterday I stood in front of a pile of ironing and thought, if only once I could get caught up! And now there isn't any pile at all. I'm all caught up."

And here I sit, I thought, paying someone so I can get away from the things I dreamed about a few years ago—the time I'll look back on with longing a few years from today. Right now is the only period of my life when I actually have these things. It's the time that's *dear*. I can't afford a sitter!

Of course, like every mother, I have my days when the dishes pile up and the dirt tracks in the front door and the potato chips grind into the carpet in a semicircle around the TV. But I've found an answer for even the worst days.

The minute school's out for the summer we start going places together. We've ridden horseback over the continental divide, hiked through rocky trails, fished in icy lakes, and even tried painting the scenery in oils. At night we come home to a reasonably presentable house and the children are so limp that their father and I can sit undisturbed and watch the sun dip down behind the mountain peaks. Weekends he joins us in excursions! You don't need the Rockies to do this, either. We did the same thing in New York city.

"You mean you do this almost every day, all summer long?" an incredulous friend once asked. "Don't you ever get tired or bored?"

Yes, sometimes. But not as tired or as bored as doing something away from my children or running a taxi service for the end effect of pulling us all apart. I love starting out in the mornings with a carful of supplies and kids breathing down my neck and yelling in my ears. I love the mingled sound of their voices, no matter how loud, so long as we are all together. It leaves such an empty note to drop one child off here and another one there for unshared activities.

The only way to avoid this is to plan something so fascinating that a pleading comment such as, "Mommie, you mean today's the day you're going to try that new swimming lake? And I wanted to go to Mary Jo's," is answered by, "Well, then ask her to come along with us." So far this has worked and kept us together.

Sharing experiences has given me some of my finest moments with my family.

On one of our mountain trips we ran into a group of small boys—wonderful, wild little Indians—led by a group director. By a mountain stream I watched them get out their rods and I saw one of the boys catch his first fish. The group director cost nothing in this case, but the mother of that little boy still paid a price. I know, because I was lucky enough to be with Dexter the day he pulled in his first fish.

Of course, running my own sitter service wouldn't work if I didn't enjoy doing these things. I'm ashamed to admit I don't enjoy museums and zoos, though I should for the children. But I still can't make myself do it very often. Sometimes during a rainy spell I do take them to a museum and usually find it better than I expected.

There was the time I took them to a Pioneer Village. Seven-year-old Dexter crawled up on a bucket-brigade fire-fighting wagon, dated 1805, and struck a pose.

"Do you wish you'd lived then?" I asked.

"Heck, no!" he shouted. "That means I'd be dead now!"

Experiences like this make me feel young—even in a museum! I like this feeling and *I need* it. I can't afford to give it away to a sitter or group director. Selfish? I don't think so, because I've found that being with my children doesn't mean that I have to cling to them with endless mothering. I'm just on hand to help them decide things for themselves.

There was that day when Mark fell off the horse. He was only three then, riding double behind his 11-year-old sister. The trail had not been cleared and at one point the branches hung low. When his horse lunged, Mark was knocked off. He wasn't hurt, but he yelled at the top of his voice.

He got up, finally, walked over to a rock, and sat down, chin in his hands, "I'm staying right here!" he announced.

I looked down at him, feeling the tug that comes when you know your child has to face it. Then, because I don't have to make it too easy when I'm right there in the background for security, I said, "Mark, at night there might be growlers in these woods."

He raised his head slowly and looked around. Then without a word he got up and walked over to the horse. His sister reached down and pulled him up behind her and we all rode on.

Any group director could have handled it, any good sitter, but I like to solve these problems in my own way. Even when I'm uncertain of the right thing to do, I prefer to follow my own instinct at the moment because surely my own child will respond better to me than to a stranger.

The other day I discovered that Dexter had told a lie. We were all driving downtown to get him the baseball mitt he'd been longing for. He was excited until an innocent comment from his sister, in the back seat, revealed the lie. I waited until we were alone, walking down the street together, and then I said, "You know I can't buy that mitt for you now."

"Not ever?" he asked, looking down at the pavement.

"Yes, someday—next Saturday, after you've shown me all week how you can tell the truth."

WHAT'S YOUR FAMILY STORY?

You are invited to write for this page—about real-life family and home problems and how you have solved them. If your letter is published (not over 1800 words, please) we'll send you a $50 check.—EDS.

"I've found an answer for even the worst days. The minute school's out for the summer we start going places together."

The experts might not think such a reward proper, but I'm sure that one was right.

It was a week of struggle and once or twice he slipped. I tried to be alone with him a lot and we did special things together. We didn't talk much about truth but we talked a lot about the mitt, which amounted to the same thing. One night after prayers he agreed that telling the truth was all right. "Makes the feeling inside feel good," he confided.

I love being close to my children at times like this and if I get too busy outside my home, too distracted, I get the uneasy feeling I might miss something important.

I almost missed it the other evening. I was setting the table and our 14-year-old was helping me.

"Mommie, she said, "why is it whenever I sit for Mrs. Talbot, George comes over as soon as I put the kids in bed?"

"Oh, I don't know," I replied. "Why shouldn't he?" George is an engineer who works for an oil company in town, a nice young bachelor who is a helpful neighbor to us all.

"But why does he tease me? 'Won't you have a cigarette?' he says."

I laughed. "Just his sense of humor, I guess." But setting the knife and spoon in place I got the vague feeling she was appealing to me. Not very strongly. If I weren't right here at this particular moment, she might let it pass, never bring it up again. But I was alert now, listening.

"And ask me to dance? 'C'mon,' he says. 'Let's dance.' "

My hand tightened on the silver. . . . But George doesn't dance, I remembered. He told me himself.

I glanced at her then—a little girl, her mouth full of braces, her features getting that slightly oversized look that comes with adolescence, and her arms. . . . That's when it struck me. Her arms weren't skinny any more. They were filling out with such a lovely roundness that I felt a sudden catch.

"Dance?" I asked quietly, following a strong instinct. Easy now, show no shock. The children take their cue from you. So I said it lightly. "How do you mean?"

"I don't know exactly, Mommie. He just pulls me up and I don't want to dance. What is it?"

I took a breath. "I'm afraid it's just that you're growing up. And he's a man."

She was watching me closely and I was relieved to see that she showed no alarm. She was calm, just as I had tried to make my voice.

"Yes, I thought that was it," she said. "But I couldn't be sure." Then she cracked a little. "I think that's terrible! Aren't men awful?"

Yes, I thought, churning suddenly, feeling a hot resentment toward him. But I managed. "Not all men, dear. You'll come to know the difference."

Then she was all right again. "I think I've already learned. I can sense those things. I'll know."

And I'm perfectly sure that she will. But that's the main reason I can't afford a sitter. A sitter costs me too much in terms of security. That sense of security a mother needs.

The last time we moved with our four children into a new area, my nearest neighbor was friendly and helpful. "Here's the name of my milkman, you'll find the best meat at the Super, and it's hard to beat the Dugout for cleaning." Then she paused. "But I'm sorry; I won't give you the name of my sitter."

This kind woman needn't have worried about that. I don't want the name of her sitter. Over the years I've been a mother I've discovered I can't afford a sitter. The privilege of sharing my children's best years is beyond price.

Light Unto My Path

Finally, be strong in the Lord and in the strength of his might.—Ephesians 6:10

James F. Quimby
Bethlehem, N.H.

A TRAVELER, in the early days of American life, jumped off the train in the Keene, N.H., railroad station, made his way to a livery stable, hired a horse, and struck out for the neighboring town of Munsonville. His purpose? He had heard throughout all that region that there was a man in Munsonville who could put any challenger on his back. Neighbors gathered quickly and a contest of physical strength was on. The ground vibrated with the bodies of the mighty men. This experience was typical of early frontier days.

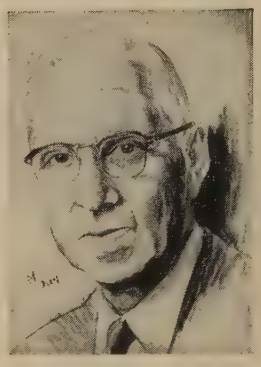
Today people still seek out men and women, not because of their physical strength, but because of their soul power.

Men and women travel long distances, not to wrestle with Dr. Albert Schweitzer, but to discover the secret of his great unselfishness, his sense of dedication to God and mankind. Seekers for truth traveled around the world to sit at the feet of Gandhi, who was called Mahatma, "great souled." Under the preaching of Harry Emerson Fosdick, the house of worship was packed and millions more listened over the radio. Folks seek out ministers and laymen who have demonstrated that they possess and use spiritual power. People are motivated because they want to be strong in the Lord and to live in the power of his might.

Prayer: As Jesus returned into Galilee in the power of the spirit, so may we, because of thy power, find our Galilee on the streets and homes where we daily travel. Amen.

—JAMES F. QUIMBY

Take courage, all you people of the land, says the Lord; work, for I am with you, says the Lord of hosts.—Haggai 2:4



Paul J. Snyder
Mankato, Minn.

OURS IS NOT the first generation to confront a situation beyond human capacity to surmount. We are but making the perennial discovery that man alone is not enough and that there is another here who is more than equal to the world's direst needs.

When we face seemingly impossible tasks we can either throw up our hands in despair or put them to what needs doing. When we do the latter, God's guidance and strength immediately become available to us and we accomplish what otherwise would be impossible.

In London on Aug. 8, 1914, *The Nation* said editorially, "The society of hope and ideas lies in ruins; in months or years to come our enfeebled hands must collect its broken stones and try to rebuild it." How much more emphatic these words are now!

We are told that when the people of a devastated village in Europe were rebuilding it they were greatly united by the suffering and need which engulfed them. In clearing away the rubble to rebuild the village church, they came upon a statue of Christ which had been partially destroyed. When the new church was built they placed the statue in it—scarred, broken, and without arms. Under it they inscribed the words, "We are Thine arms."

Truly, we are his arms—but he is our strength. His presence with us becomes a galvanizing reality when we actually undertake the assignment which he gives us. Even in 520 B.C. Haggai knew that God always gives courage and power to those who attempt to reconstruct the shattered fabric of society.

"And they . . . said to him, 'Then who can be saved?' Jesus looked at them and said, 'With men it is impossible, but not with God; for all things are possible with God.'" (Mark 10:26, 27)

Prayer: Eternal God, our Father, help us not to back away from today's herculean job but to approach it with faith, insight, and action, knowing that the power to make thy kingdom come is from thee. Let thy purpose possess our hearts, thy truth our minds, thy strength our arms, and thy skill our hands. So may thy will be done on earth in us, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

—PAUL J. SNYDER

For I decided to know nothing among you except Jesus Christ and him crucified.—I Corinthians 2:2

"OUR PASTOR is the best man I have ever known. He is always doing good. The only criticism against him is that he tries to be a 100 per cent Christian all the time." The minister, about whom two members of the congregation were talking, very obviously had caught the spirit of the apostle Paul, who wrote our Scripture lesson.

The risen Christ had so cap-

James T. McCafferty, Jr.
Marks, Miss.

Lewis N. Stuckey
Dallas, Tex.

ivated Paul that the consuming lesire of his life was to know all ne could possibly know about the ife and death of his Savior. He raveled in many lands, endured mprisonments, and suffered unold hardships to preach the cross nd to proclaim the Christ as Savior of the world. Paul was victorious in Christ.

Toward the end of his life, Paul wrote these words to a dear friend: "I have fought a good ight, I have finished the race, I nave kept the faith." Tradition has it that as the executioner's ax was about to fall on his noble head, a messenger came to say to him:

"Paul, Nero will give you full pardon if you will stop preaching about this Nazarene."

That old soldier of the cross smiled and replied, "Go tell Nero that I died preaching the same Christ for whom I have been permitted to live."

The glory of it all is that the power of this great apostle, the power of the risen Christ, can be ours if, like Paul, we make up our minds to know nothing but Jesus Christ.

Prayer: God, grant us the singleness of purpose that was Paul's. Let thy spirit come into our lives that we may be a blessing to thy church and to thy people everywhere and at all times. In Jesus' name we pray. Amen.

—JAMES T. McCAFFERTY, JR.

Do you not know that your body is a temple of the Holy Spirit within you, which you have from God? You are not your own; you were bought with a price. So glorify God in your body.—I Corinthians 6: 19-20

LAST DECEMBER the Oak Cliff precinct of Dallas County, Tex., voted out the sale of beer and thus became the largest populated section of any city to vote totally dry since the repeal of the 18th Amendment. A Methodist layman related an experience that came to a beer dealer as a result of this vote. Sometime after the election, this layman met the former beer dealer and asked him how he was getting along. The man replied, "When they voted me out of business I thought I was ruined, for my income was gone; but it was the best thing that ever happened to me. I now have a better job and am completely out of the liquor business.

"My family and I are going to Sunday school and church and our whole life has been changed for the better. People respect us and we have our own self-respect."

In this Scripture, Paul illustrates with the sin of immorality, to drive home the point that our bodies become part of the evil we commit and that sin is a misuse of the body. He says that our bodies should be temples of the Holy Spirit and that they should be so holy they will glorify God. The former beer dealer came to know that good is better than evil and so he entered a new and holier relationship with God and life.

Well may we ask ourselves, *Have we opened our lives to the Holy Spirit? Is the temple clean? Are we glorifying God in our bodies?*

Prayer: Our Father, we are not our own, for through Christ we are thine. May our lives be worthy of the indwelling of thy spirit. May we glorify thee among men. Amen.

—LEWIS N. STUCKEY

THINGS NEEDFUL

I do not ask for power and place;
I ask for strength and will to face
The daily task, and not give ear
To counselings of doubt and fear.

I ask for love that will not turn
From any human cry, nor spurn
The friendship of the humblest human heart—
Thus would I know life's finest art.

I ask for faith that cannot doubt
That God is good, though all about
My dear ambitions fall away.
These gifts, O Lord, give me today.

—Thomas Curtis Clark

Barnabas takes:

Looks at New Books

Every once in a while, out of the flood of personal reminiscences about "the late unpleasantness between the states" comes one with a truly different flavor. Case in point: *Gunner With Stonewall* (McCowat-Mercer Press, $5.95).

These are the Civil War recollections of **William Thomas Poague,** who rose from lieutenant to lieutenant colonel in the heroic Army of Northern Virginia. Poague fought as an artillery officer from Bull Run through Appomattox; was, in fact, trying to rush reinforcements to a beleaguered battery when a courier with the white flag of Confederate surrender raced by toward the Union lines.

These are memories with the stamp of authenticity. Poague wrote them for his children in 1903, with no thought of publication. Therefore, the usual tendency to gloss over mistakes and daub brighter paint on the heroes is missing. For a good close-up of Lee, Jackson, and other Confederate gods of war under stress of battle, you won't go wrong on *Gunner With Stonewall.* But don't look for explanations of over-all strategy and maneuvers; this is the war as seen by an artilleryman—not the high command.

William T. Poague, author of Gunner with Stonewall, *leading retirement parade of guns—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John—at Virginia Military Institute.*

Much has been written of World War II occurrences. Now comes a book dealing with something that got no farther than the planning stage—the invasion of England, as plotted by Adolf Hitler.

Operation Sea Lion, by **Peter Fleming** (Simon & Schuster, $3.95), is a sometimes frightening, often amusing, and consistently interesting account of the German plans to invade England following the fall of France in 1940.

Students of the era will perhaps understand better than most how the proposed plan was subjected to endless revision due to jealous wrangling among the German high command.

Those of us who were privileged to observe at firsthand how the British stood up under the burdens and the death-dealing blows of the *Luftwaffe* knew then why Hitler finally abandoned this scheme. Others of us who stayed safe at home can now, through the good services of author Fleming, get a better insight into the British spirit.

The book contains reproductions of some of the best cartoons of the war, relates some of the scariest spy rumors, and reveals a few bloopers of the British brass. One of the funniest, from a real mastermind, decreed that church bells should be rung only in the event of enemy landings. To which the Prime Minister responded: "For myself, I cannot help feeling that anything like a serious invasion would be bound to leak out."

Operation Sea Lion quotes numerous prophets of that day who expected England to fall to her enemy. The astonishment of her people that this was ever thought possible would make it seem wise for us today to examine carefully the casual prophecies of gloom and doom emanating from some quarters. The spirit of man is a strong thing.

In this day of pretesting products before introducing them on a national scale, it's interesting to learn that the pattern applies to books as well as to the things we eat and wear. We recently received a copy of a little book with a big message pretested on more than 100 children. It is *The Little Me and the Great Me,* by **Lou Austin** (Partnership Foundation, Capon Springs, W.Va., $2.50).

This book calls for child participation and the illustrations are sure to spur the young reader into getting into the act.

The element running through the book is a dramatization of a Little Me and a Great Me, both potentially a part of each of us. The lessons point up the fact that each of us is free to choose which Me he wants to be.

Charles MacArthur was a man who went through life in a perpetual hurry. People whose lives touched his sensed a certain magic about him. Perhaps the friend who sensed this most strongly is **Ben Hecht,** whose biography of the man *Charlie* (Harper and Brothers, $3.50) has just been published.

MacArthur's first meeting with Helen Hayes took place at a large, noisy gathering in Manhattan. She tells of it some 32 years later:

"A beautiful young man came up to me with a bag of peanuts in his hand and said, 'Want a peanut?'

"I was amazed, but I answered correctly, 'Yes, thank you.' The young man poured several peanuts out of his bag into my hands. Then he smiled at me and said, 'I wish they were emeralds.' Then he asked to take me home. . . . I forgot all about my date, and everything else."

That incident marked the beginning of one of the most touching love stories of this century. Whatever else MacArthur accomplished, whatever his

uilings, his star shines brightly because e made the first lady of the American age a happy woman.

Hecht, in writing this book, is in a ense continuing a collaboration with harles MacArthur that spread over a ng period of time. Together they roduced such great plays as *The Front age, Twentieth Century, Crime Without Passion,* and *The Scoundrel.* MacArthur collaborated with others in writing some of the finest movies produced n Hollywood and he ventured into the eld of books with *A Bug's Eye View f the War.* War was one of his diversions, and he was in all of them from he one against Pancho Villa to World War II. He served as anything from a uck private to a colonel.

This is no ordinary biography for he subject was not an ordinary man. But all the glitter of Hollywood and Broadway, the association with the reat names in the world of entertainment didn't make Charlie MacArthur happy man. He was still searching or that at the end.

Our lives are affected every day by hat fascinating phenomenon, the veather. **Joe Bolton** has written a act-packed book about the elements: *The Wind and the Weather* (Thomas Y. Crowell Company, $3.95).

If, like most of us, you have only spotty knowledge of the weather, this very unscientific book is for you. It covers the subject from ancient times right into the present International Geophysical Year, well larded with odd bits and pieces of weather lore.

A chapter instructing the reader on how to become his own weatherman may cause a few less recriminations against that most abused of all humans —the local weatherman! You'll learn to be just as frustrated with a few, inexpensive gimmicks as he is with high-priced, intricate mechanisms.

Mrs. Barnabas has a line-up of cookbooks that would do a professional cook proud. I counted 32 the other day as I sat there waiting for the next platter of blueberry pancakes to be decorated with a dollop of hard sauce. I've got to admit some pretty good victuals have resulted from that shelf of culinary guides, but I fail to understand why one woman would want so many different ideas on how to cook a roast of beef, for instance. I'd think it confusing. Mrs. B. says it's no more confusing than the line-up of tools on my rack in the cellar. Besides which, she says, they're fun to read.

So when *The Summer Kitchen* by **Louise Andrews Kent** and **Elizabeth Kent Gay** (Houghton-Mifflin, $3.50)

Teen Book Shelf

From How to be a Successful Teen-Ager.

UNDERSTANDING YOUR PARENTS, ***by Ernest G. Osborne*** (*Association Press, $1.75*). For every teen-ager who isn't understood by his parents, there are two who don't understand their parents. This book is written especially for them by a man who has been a counselor to young people for a long time. He'll help you understand just what makes Mom and Dad tick, how you and they can better understand each other, and as a result everybody in the home can have a lot more fun—together.

MORE POWER TO YOU, ***by John and Dorathea Crawford*** (*Muhlenberg Press, $2.50*). Self-understanding is high on the list of teen-age desires and this little volume is a guide to this new kind of power. At the end of each chapter there's a down-to-earth, real-life situation which you can discuss in a what-would-you-do powwow with your friends or parents.

GUIDE TO CHARM, ***by Maggie Daly*** (*Dodd, Mead & Co., $2.50*). This is for the girl who has never considered herself beautiful, but who is determined to be attractive. Miss Daly, a successful model, sets forth her own program for creating the illusion of beauty. She stresses the importance of proper diet, cleanliness, careful grooming, and well-chosen clothes, on the conservative side.

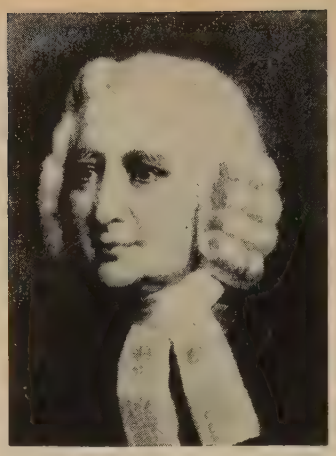
YOU AND YOUR HEALTH, ***by J. Roswell Gallagher, MD*** (*Science Research Associates, 50¢*). Good health is wonderful. You get more fun out of everything—your work, your school, your play. What's more, if you feel better you do better. This little booklet contains eight chapters which will show you ways to good health and physical fitness. A doctor answers questions on 10 common ailments of the teen set.

HOW TO LIVE WITH PARENTS, ***by Gladys Gardner Jenkins and Joy Neuman*** (*Science Research Associates, 50¢*). Getting along with the family is often a real problem. As you mature you want the independence that goes with adulthood. At the same time, you are still depending on your family for many things. Your parents give you a certain feeling of security that you still need and yet would like to do without. This booklet helps you get a better understanding of what's behind this problem and why parents often react as they do.

SCHOOL SUBJECTS AND JOBS, ***by Lester J. Schloerb*** (*Science Research Associates, 50¢*). This booklet will help you understand how your high-school subjects are tied in with the things you're likely to be doing in the future—working, making friends, playing, taking part in community life, getting married. There is even a chart showing 266 jobs and pointing out which high-school subjects are helpful in their performance.

A Prayer

to make your own



Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

THY ransomed servant, I
Restore to thee thy own;
And, from this moment, live or die
To serve my God alone.

arrived, I stole a glance at it before Mrs. Barnabas was aware the mailman had been by. And now let me be the first to admit that at least one man has found a cookbook interesting.

I'll leave it to the ladies to prove that following these recipes will turn out good food. The previous book by the same authors proved it in our house. But I'll vouch that these two women tell interesting tales of Vermont summers, studded with local talent as well as that breed peculiar to New England known as "summer people."

I found one sentence of confession especially amusing: "During the writing of so elegant a cookbook the meals at Sky Farm consisted of hot dogs on the gas burners, brownies, cold cereal, potato chips, fudge, and raw carrots."

Thank goodness Mrs. B. is in the "amateur cook" class.

Barnabas keeps in contact with teen-agers' problems in a variety of ways. First, the direct approach in our own household. Second, by following Dr. Richmond Barbour in our own *Teens Together* feature. Dr. Barbour has a large following of devoted youngsters, and because so many of them write that they are unsure of themselves with their contemporaries in matters of dress, conversation, recreation, and social know-how, we are devoting our special feature-book space to them this month.

Under the title, *Teen Bookshelf* we're listing some of the best titles available on teen-age manners and customs.

Adults will be interested particularly in one new book analyzing teen-agers, frequently an enigma to everybody else and even to themselves. *The American Teenager,* by **H. H. Remmers** and **D. H. Radler** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.75), is for you if you have teen-agers in your home, or if you teach them, employ them, entertain them, or just plain love them.

Based on surveys conducted by the Purdue Opinion Poll among hundreds of thousands of teen-agers in the last 15 years, this fact-packed volume contains many revelations. The statistics are made more interesting by a liberal larding of interesting quotations from the high schoolers who furnished the facts and by scholarly interpretation by the authors. Here are a few of the facts disclosed:

Forty-two per cent attend religious services nearly every week.

Eighty per cent like school—but more than half report they have trouble keeping their minds on their work, and 54 per cent feel they need guidance in learning better study habits.

Forty-four per cent seldom or never have dates, 25 per cent are ill at ease socially, and 42 per cent wish they were more popular.

If you like the American teen-ager you will not want to miss this book. Reading it the other evening, we were reminded of a comment made recently by Betty Cavanna, one of the top fiction writers for teen-age girls today. In recounting her shyness at 14, she said: "If I'd only known *then* that the boys were just as shy as I was!" Fate deals identically with succeeding generations.

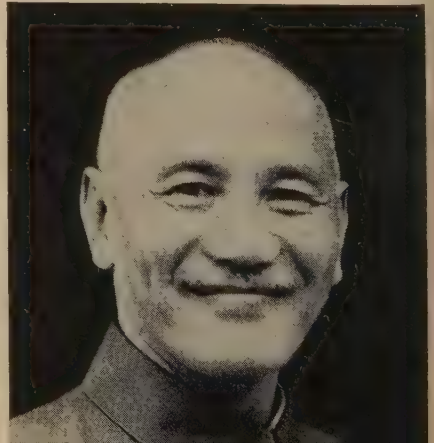
Barnabas is of such an age that the era which marked the beginning of **Jesse L. Lasky's** *I Blow My Own Horn* (Doubleday, $4.50) is not within his personal recollections. But these early years of the motion-picture industry were, to borrow a word from Hollywood, fabulous. If you can withstand Mr. Lasky's worn, trite phrases, he'll share with you the secrets of fortunes made and lost. As the discoverer and promoter of such stars as Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, Spencer Tracy, and Carole Lombard, Mr. Lasky enjoys sprinkling stardust throughout his autobiography. And he admits to a fondness for name dropping.

We're pleased to note that he pays Mrs. Lasky, his Bessie, the honors due her. Patience personified, this good woman lived the life set out for her by a brilliant, driving husband and did it with remarkable understanding. We note that he remarks toward the close of this narrative, "Late in life we have learned to live." And *we* wonder if that isn't what is known in this business as an editorial we.

Soviet Russia in China, by **Chiang Kai-shek** (Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy, $5), is the late-summer book most likely to be the subject of close scrutiny and heated debate.

Written by the generalissimo to present to the world his "summing up at 70," this history covers the period from the Nationalist Revolution in 1911 to the present. After 30 years' struggle against Communism, Chiang shows in

Recent photo of the generalissimo.



is writing a surprising freedom from itterness or anger. But the writing is ometimes confusing and the thread of vents difficult to follow. Part of this nay be due to inadequate translation.

One of the most telling paragraphs this one:

"After he came into power Stalin rned his sword of aggression toward hina. This, of course, did not mean at the Russian Communists had forotten about the West. In the Russian ommunists' timetable for long-term ggression, China was their first taret of 'peaceful coexistence.' By the me they think they have have secured ontrol over China's 450,000,000 peole, and are in a position to create 'big orms' in the midst of the 900,000,000 the East to influence Europe on the ebound, they will turn their sword of ggression toward the West."

TOGETHER families will have a special nterest in this book, for both the generalissimo and Madame Chiang are felow Methodists.

Dorothy M. Bryan, children's book ditor of Dodd, Mead & Co., was obbed in the New York subway a ouple of years ago. The thief grabbed er brief case, containing two book manuscripts which were thrown away y the disappointed crook. Later they were found by two young policemen, **gt. Thomas P. Conners** and **Lt. Paul Glaser,** who became interested n writing and publishing.

The result: their book, *John Benton, Rookie Policeman* (Dodd, Mead & Co., 2.75), has just been published.

Preacher With a Plow, by **Samuel B. Coles** (Houghton, Mifflin Co., $3.50), s the autobiography of a missionary to Africa.

Alabama-born, this son of former African slave parents spent 30 years as n agricultural missionary for the Congregational Church in Angola, Portuguese West Africa. The book details in imple but moving words how this deoted man labored for and with the natives, bringing them practical instruction and Christian religion.

Now retired from mission work, he oon will return to establish an agricultural and industrial school for orphans.

Coles' dreams are ever with him and he will not rest until some of the basic things he believes practical are accomplished. For example:

"First thing that needs to be done or the Africans is to teach them the imple skills of wheelwrighting and blacksmithing. A hundred ordinary forges in my Galangue area with three young men training at each would work remarkable transformation in the area's economy. Courses in blacksmithing must be carried out at control points in line with the daily needs of

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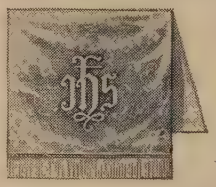

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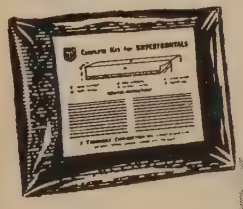

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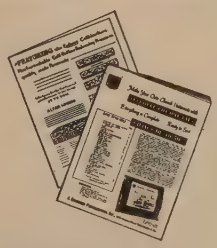

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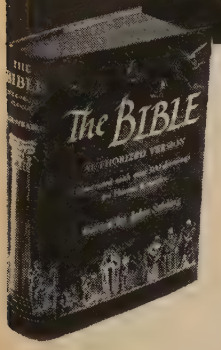

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the people. They need to be trained in the making and ironing-off of wheelbarrows, oxcarts, plows, hoes, axes and all kinds of hand tools. As the demand grows in the villages for farm equipment there will be all kinds of hand tools which they do not have today. . . .

"There needs to be a system of agricultural extension work set up that would call in village men twice a year to give training in the use of the ox and the plow. . . .

"Why, in Angola today there are places where the top soil is ten feet or more deep. Yet it has never seen or heard a plow. . . ."

These are not the dreams of a man who passed through quickly. They are the heartfelt desires of a man with a true urge to help his own people.

"Two little girls were walking along a dusty mountain road in one of the Maristan Chapman mysteries. Suddenly one of them exclaimed: 'I'm so full of pentupness I could scream.' That is the way I feel when I think of children and books," reports **Phyllis Fenner,** in *The Proof of the Pudding* (John Day, $3.95). And she goes on, "Children are thrilling with all their frankness, their eagerness and freshness of outlook. Books are thrilling with their words and vitality and satisfyingness. Bringing the two together is one of the most exciting things I know."

Long experience as librarian in the public schools of Manhasset, Long Island, affords Miss Fenner an authoritative background for this excellent guide to children's books and reading habits. Designed both for pleasurable reading and for reference, each chapter deals with a particular kind of book and concludes with a highly selective list of favorite titles.

This is one of the most thoroughly indexed guides to children's books to come to our attention.

Native Philadelphians accept the Bartram family in almost as matter-of-fact fashion as the name of Ben Franklin. The Germantown area of the city abounds in Bartram lore and the library of the Pennsylvania Horticulture Society harbors a wealth of material dealing with the pursuits of John and William Bartram in the field of nature. Now we learn that the writings of these great naturalists were for many years better known abroad than in their native land.

These men were friends of Benjamin Franklin and they founded the first botanical garden in America. Now **Helen G. Cruickshank** gives us the best of their journals in *John & William Bartram's America* (Devin-Adair, $5).

Here are adventures with snakes, alligators, and lizards; exploration of Indian ruins and encounters with Indians; fishing to make Isaac Walton

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Browsing in Fiction

OCCASIONALLY, readers hint that this department is rather free in the kind of books it discusses. I hope this intimation is correct because I despise all kinds of censorship and I do not want any man telling me what is proper or improper to read. I try, therefore, to comment on the worst as well as the best, and then if someone wants to choose the worst deliberately, it is his responsibility. I am sure you have found that novels, like life, have great high places interspersed with the shocking and disgusting. I go on the principle that most readers are mature enough not to have their characters spoiled by the unsavory incident as they move on toward the place of vision.

But for those who disagree with my view there is good news today. I shall touch on four novels, every one of which is free from scenes described too intimately or too vulgarly:

THE SHORT REIGN OF PIPPEN IV, by John Steinbeck ***(Viking Press, $3)***

I am a Steinbeck fan and I still think he is the greatest user of the English language in contemporary America. I met him once when I was a young preacher and I even used his *Grapes of Wrath* as a review in my church. This new story is what he calls a "fabrication" and it has the touch of fantasy and magic. It takes place in France during one of its political upsets. To everyone's amazement, the government votes to re-establish the monarchy by crowning a simple man, a descendant of Charles Martel, who in the early 700s turned back a Moslem invasion of France. What happens after this man is crowned provides an amusing satire of politics and human nature.

Sometimes a writer likes to have a little fun, and this is one of those pauses in Steinbeck's career. The fine thing about it is that every reader has fun, too.

A HOUSEFUL OF LOVE, by Marjorie Housepian ***(Random House, $3.50)***

This is about a houseful of Armenians living in New York City. It has something of the off-beat quality of the people in *Ah, Wilderness.* I found this the perfect book to relax my weary mind and body at the last session of the Southern California-Arizona Conference. The author has the rare ability to tell a story with tenderness and affection which never become sticky. The book has a wonderful humor which springs out of real people being themselves. I remarked to my wife after I had finished reading it that it is good to find that novels can be written full of enjoyment and interest without being nothing but fictionalized case studies of sexual abnormalities.

Take this one home with you; it will be a good influence on male and female, young and old.

THE MASTER, by T. H. White ***(G. P. Putnam's Sons, $3.50)***

I was sure I would like this book because of the author's previous writings—but now I'm trying to find out why it fell flat. It has a rather unusual plot and yet it never seems to come off. Two children are stranded on a rock off the coast of England where a mad genius is getting ready to conquer the world. The children are fine but the rest of it, at least to me, limps along painfully.

My brethren of the ministry will know what it means to have a good text, a good idea, and everything except inspiration.

This man has written some very fine things in the past and I hope you will not be prejudiced against him because of this adverse report.

CURTAIN CALL, by Russell Janney ***(Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, $2.75)***

The best way to handle this is to tell you that my wife liked it and I did not. I don't think it was her favorite book but she said it was a nice, heart-warming little story which she thought I ought to recommend to the few Methodists who think I may know something about fiction. My guess is that there are a far larger number of people who will agree with her than will agree with me, yet I think this is one of those drippy, gooey, saccharine, sickening baths of emotionalism. It has to do with an old director who is down on his luck but who begins to come back because of a check he receives in the mail. He thinks it is much bigger than it is and starts to plan a new musical, almost getting away with it. Let me put it this way: *Curtain Call* is this reviewer's poison.

Gerald Kennedy

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Q Who is a Christian?

Someone has well said that there has been only one Christian and he died on a cross 20 centuries ago. Others are only pale, imperfect imitations.

The Christian God is the one Christ came to reveal. He is the God of the Bible, the one who wrought in Israel, who spoke to men through prophet and psalmist, and speaks to us today. He was in Christ and, through his spirit, created new life in men and in the church. His spirit wrought in those who wrote the books of the New Testament we love and respect today.

The first Christians had no New Testament, but they had Christ. Having him, they left aside great sections of the Old Testament with its ritual and sacrifices. For them, as for us, the supreme faith and law of life are in Christ. He is the Word, and by this Word we judge the words of Scripture, as well as ourselves.

Q What about the Garden of Eden?

Someone asks: "Why did God create Adam and Eve on this earth, when he knew the devil was here?"

This is the old, old problem of evil that is continually bobbing up. If we believe in a creator God who is both merciful and mighty, why should there be evil (the devil) in the world? Did God create it? Why would he allow it to continue?

Our answer must rest back on the vision of God and his purpose as revealed in the Bible, and especially in what it says about Christ.

Obviously, God wanted more than a world in which man could live in comfort and ease. He wanted his creatures to know right from wrong and to choose between them. He wanted creatures who could know him and live with him as his children, men of faith, freedom, and moral character. But this means creatures who could reject God as well as accept him, who could live in selfishness as well as love, who could choose material comforts instead of the higher goods.

So we find in Genesis more than the account of God and of his creature, man, choosing evil and suffering for it. We have also the record of God's redemptive love.

Our problem is not the problem of a devil. Our problem is the problem of man.

---

envious; a pack-train trip across Alabama, and much more.

As I read of the dangers these men faced in their search for botanical knowledge, I wondered how many of today's enthusiastic botanists would have the courage to follow in these explorers' footsteps. I certainly wouldn't!

Book publishers sometimes hear amusing things about their favorite titles. Recently, one publisher told a group of booksellers that his book on overcoming arthritis had sold well and had brought in much mail from persons who'd been helped.

After the meeting, a slight little woman came forward and buttonholed him to tell *her* story. Seems an aunt of hers had read the book and although she hadn't yet conquered her arthritis it did have another benefit.

"It's a funny thing," related the woman. "Following the diet recommended in the book cured her dandruff. And, you know, she'd had *that* all her life!"

A poet friend of ours is also a fellow church member whose beautiful verse often graces the church bulletin. And so it is with a personal feeling of pos-

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session that we recommend your seeking out a copy of **Isabel Sanderson's** latest book of poems, *Candles in My Heart* (Ralph Fletcher Seymour, $2.50).

We'd like to share the title poem with you:

"Candles in my heart? Of course there are!
And, bless them, they give forth a priceless glow.
Like that brief flash trailed by a falling star,
Some lend a radiance, then swiftly go!
And some burn sweetly, softly, steadily;
How wonderful the warmth their clear flames give!
Because of these, the friendships lit for me,
I pray to better serve, more wisely live.
These candles are bright gifts the years impart,
O may I keep them burning in my heart!"

This is the sort of book we like to keep for those spare moments when we need to sweep the cobwebs from our minds and see through the clutter of the day to stronger, deeper things.

Back on page 23 you read about Charles Wesley. If that article started a thirst for more information, here's a book to slake it: *Charles Wesley and His Colleagues* (Public Affairs Press, $3.75) by **Bishop Charles Wesley Flint.**

Bishop Flint has the curiosity of a reporter and the acumen of a scholar, which he is. Here he has spaded up such unusual facts as these: Charles, the hymn writer, was born prematurely and was wrapped in soft wool . . . the life stories of the Wesley girls are shot with tragedy . . . ale was brewed in the Epworth parsonage and the menfolk drank it regularly. The bishop adds, however, that "the times were different" and he opines that if Mother Susanna lived today "she would doubtless be an ardent and active 'white ribboner.'"

There's not a spot of whitewash on these pages. Bishop Flint doesn't hesitate to show the weaknesses of Charles Wesley, his brother, John, founder of Methodism, and of George Whitefield, the great preacher. Nor does he overlook their interlocking strengths which gave dynamics and vitality to our church in its formative days.

Many biographers have done Charles Wesley. I doubt that any have succeeded better than Bishop Flint.

James Thurber fans are happy once again, for he's written another winner: *The Wonderful O* (Simon and Schuster, $3.50).

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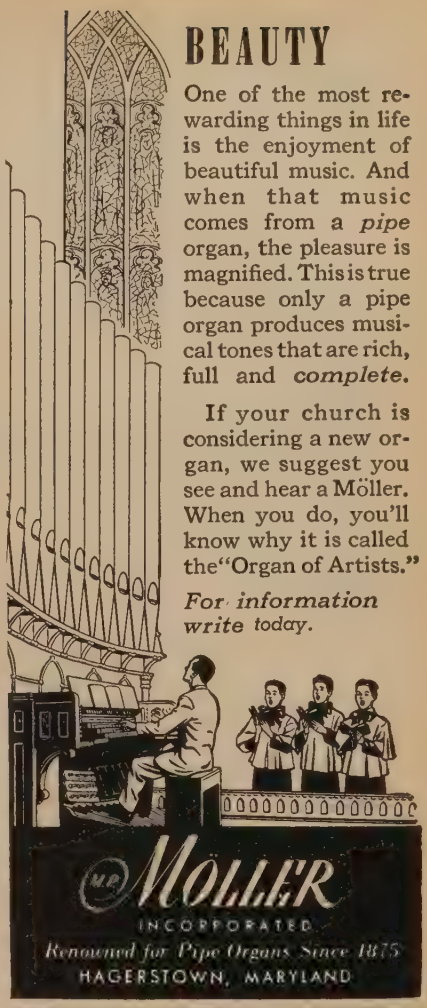

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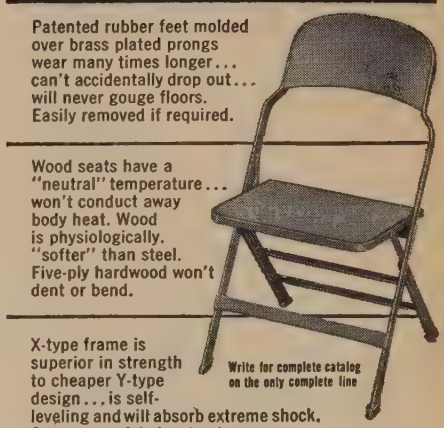

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"The man with the map
and the man with the ship
sailed for the island
rich with sapphires, emeralds,
and rubies.
Their vessel was called
Aeiu
which has every vowel but
O.
The owner hated
O
because his mother
had become wedged
in a porthole
and they couldn't pull her in,
so they had to push her out.
The island,
Ooroo
was inhabited by gentle people
who did not resist
when the pirates
unable to find any jewels,
decided to get rid of all words with an
O
in them.
Cnfusin reigned, and chas.
A man named Otto Ott,
when asked his name,
could only stutter.
Ophelia Oliver was ashamed.
Babies
often made as much sense

Violins go—they have an O.

as their fathers.
The islanders decided
there were four words with an
O
that must not be lost.
Three of them were
"hope" and
"love" and
"valor."

You'll find word number four in the book, along with wonderful illustrations by Marc Simont, winner of the 1957 Caldecott Medal.

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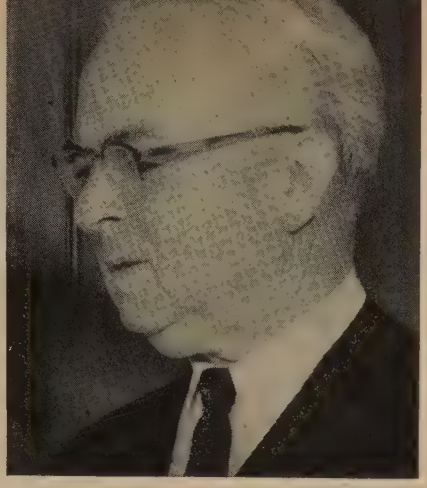

By ROY L. SMITH

A WOMAN of the street, one of the town's notorious characters, found herself one day—against her will—with her attorney in a pastor's study. As the conference between lawyer and preacher concerning her offenses progressed, she showed only a passing interest in the proceedings, but intense interest in her surroundings.

Finally, during a lull in the discussions, she broke in with a surprising question. "Preacher," she blurted out, "how does a person go about attending church?"

While the pastor was recovering from the shock of the question, she went on:

"You see, I've never been inside a church before. You are the first preacher I've ever talked to. When I came through that door and saw your face, it was the first time in all my life that I had ever met a man of God face to face.

"I didn't want to come here but my lawyer forced me. Then I said to myself, 'This will be my chance to ask someone what people do when they go to church.' I'm not kidding—I'd really like to know."

The preacher, taken aback by the blunt question from a soul so pagan, answered lamely, "They come here to worship."

"To worship!" the woman exclaimed. "What's that?"

It was an honest question; it deserved an honest answer. It was also one that called upon the preacher for all he knew about church history, theology, psychology, and—above all—about God and the soul of man.

Likewise, it was a question every churchgoer ought to ask himself every time he enters the house of God.

The answer I am going to tell you about here probably is not a complete reply to the question she raised, but it represents the starting point in the thinking of one man who actually worshiped in church one morning:

If you entered the house of God with an open mind and inquiring spirit, seeking above everything else to hear some clear word from God;

If you searched your heart to see if there might be in it some secret sin, unclean thought, unholy ambition, evil purpose, or bitter memory;

If you repented of your own sins, leaving other sinners to their own repentance;

If you sang the hymns as though they were expressions of your own spiritual needs;

If you tried to think of yourself as alone with God and listening for his voice;

If you added an "amen" to all those petitions in the prayers which described your own state of heart or expressed your own sorrow for sin;

If you determined to forgive someone who had wronged you;

If you felt welling up within you a consuming desire to live a more godly and chaste life;

If your mind was turned away from the sordid and shabby to the high and holy;

If the spirit of thankfulness arose within you;

If you caught some new glimpse of your own dignity and worth as one made in the image of God;

If your mind was stretched to take in some further limit of the majesty and magnificence of God;

If the spirit of song was born in you, even though you never sing;

If you were shamed by your own smallness of soul and undertook to expand to meet the spirit of the Most High;

If the impure, the selfish, and the hateful became repulsive to you;

If any of the spirit of compassion took over within your heart;

If you did any of these things, then you worshiped.

Surely you went away from that day's service much happier—and God was well pleased.

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Clarence Goes

THE WAY Clarence was poking along, it looked as though he would never get to school. Clarence was a little ant, and ants can run pretty fast when they want to. But Clarence didn't want to.

"You'd better hurry or you'll be late," said Murdock the goat.

"It doesn't matter," said Clarence, airily. "I've just decided I'm not going to school any more."

Murdock was so surprised that he nearly swallowed the piece of paper on which he had been chewing.

"I don't like that new school," Clarence said, kicking a grain of sand from his path. "Nobody plays with me and—well, I just wish we hadn't moved here, that's all. You're the only friend I have, Murdock."

Just then eight or nine little ants went racing by. Some of them looked over at Clarence, but Clarence just hung his head and didn't pay any attention to them.

"See?" he said to Murdock, when the other ants had disappeared around the corner of a big rock. "They don't even speak to me. Come on, let's go play together."

"I just happened to remember," said Murdock, "my friends, the Rabbits, have some new young ones. Would you like to see them?"

Well, of course Clarence wanted to see the baby rabbits. He scrambled ahead of Murdock through the grass until they came to the rabbit hutch. Sure enough, there was Mother Rabbit, looking very proud of her beautiful baby rabbits, who were all snow-white with pink eyes —except for one.

"Look!" cried Clarence, "that one looks different from the rest—that little brown one."

"Oh, yes," said Murdock. "The boy who owns the rabbits found that little fellow out in the field yesterday. No one knows where his mother went, so they put him in here with the pet rabbits. Mrs. Rabbit was glad to welcome him, of course, but we weren't sure how the other little fellows would feel about it."

"Well, what happened?" asked Clarence.

"He sat over in the corner by himself for a moment," Murdock said, "and the others sat in their corner. Then that little fellow just hopped over to where the

A PRAYER

Help my hands to do kind deeds
And help my face to smile,
Help my eyes to twinkle, God,
With kindness all the while.

Help my ears to listen, God,
Then help me to obey,
Help me to do all the things
Which make a happy day.

WILL YOU FINISH ME?

Whoever drew this little boy
Was careless, I think, don't you?
He forgot to draw his eyes and ears
And he left off the little boy's shoe.

He gave the boy no nose at all,
Not even a mouth to grin—
Why don't you take your crayons
And color the missing things in?

to School

By MARGARET REDFIELD

thers were and snuggled up s if he belonged there."

"And what did the others o?" asked Clarence.

"Why, they made room or him, of course."

"But how did he know hey would?" asked Clarnce.

"He didn't sit around and sk himself questions!" relied Murdock. "He just ook it for granted that hey'd like having him round. A fellow can waste a ot of time asking foolish uestions."

Clarence stared at the aby rabbits.

"Well, thanks, Mrs. Rabit," said Murdock. "We've njoyed visiting you and our family. Come on, Clarnce. Let's go play."

But Clarence looked toward the path on the other side of the fence. Several ants were hurrying past.

"Er, Murdock," said Clarence, "I've changed my mind. I guess I'll go to school after all."

"Well, well," said his friend, "if you hurry, you can just make it in time."

Some more ants hurried past. "Hey, fellows! Wait for me!" cried Clarence. He waved a feeler at Murdock and hurried away.

"I'm glad he decided to go back to school," remarked a bumblebee who had been watching Clarence and Murdock from the edge of a hollyhock petal. "You know, Murdock, I think Clarence learned something this morning, before he even went to school!"

"I think so, too," said Murdock.

TICK TOCK TALKS

Old Tick Tock's friends
Are everywhere—
They brush their teeth
And comb their hair,
Keep their clothing
Clean and neat,
And never scuffle
With their feet.

—THOMAS F. DILLABOUGH

With young guide (left), bird watchers in Manitowoc, Wis., find shore and water birds in all directions at mouth of Little Manitowoc River. Shadows are proof of early hour, when breakfast-seeking birds are active at feeding spot.

Hobby Alley

Bird Watchers Help Build a

By BETTY HALL

SEVERAL persons stood hunched over the bridge railing, staring anxiously toward the river below. The sleepy motorist driving by sensed trouble; it was before 6 A.M.; what else but trouble could collect so many people at such an hour? He stopped his car.

"Somebody fall in?" he asked a woman at the railing. "Heavens, no," she laughed. "We're just watching some marsh wrens on the bank down there."

Later that morning, when more than 250 other bird watchers assembled to compare notes and have breakfast, the bridge incident was the source of many a chuckle. For once the bird watchers, frequently the butt of jokes, had the last laugh.

Something else was unusual that day. This gathering was much more than just a sociable get-together; these bird watchers were helping to build a new church!

By holding a "bird breakfast" each May for the last six years, members of St. Paul's Methodist Church in Manitowoc, Wis., have added well over $1,000 to their church's building fund. Soon ground will be broken for a new St. Paul's—on the beautiful 4½-acre site where bird breakfasts have been served.

So popular are these affairs that scores of St. Paul's parishioners stumble out of bed at dawn on the Saturday mornings when they are held. Then they set off for woods, fields, and marshes near the spot where the Little Manitowoc River empties into Lake Michigan.

At that hour most birds are searching for breakfast. As naturalist Donald Culross Peattie once explained: "The time to hear bird music is between four and six in the morning. Seven o'clock is not too late, but by eight the fine rapture is over, due, I suspect, to the contentment of the inner man that comes with breakfast."

Watchers are issued simple instructions: Wear warm, dull-colored clothing; bring field glasses, bird books, and pencils; list each species of bird observed, and—something no one overlooks—report for breakfast before nine.

A few experienced birders are in the fields before dawn, but for most others six o'clock is early enough. At that time members of a bird club from a Manitowoc junior high school are on hand to act as guides. That club, incidentally, was founded by

Earl Haugh, wearing a make-believe bird cage on his hat, lights gas burner in the tent where church members find shelter and ample food for breakfast.

Varmly clad group enjoys hot coffee while comparing notes on birds spotted efore breakfast. Other watchers in background cook meal on charcoal grills.

Church

Miss Merle Pickett, a St. Paul's mem-er and an officer in the Wisconsin ociety of Ornithology.

By breakfast time, uncooked food set out on long tables inside a king-ze tent. A $1 ticket lets each bird atcher take as much as he wants—ut each family has to cook its own. committee buys the foodstuffs with cket-sale money and makes the cof-ee, but all the other food—bacon, ggs, rolls, and the like—must be repared by the bird-watching fami-es. Cooking is done on charcoal rills provided by the committee. rofits go to the building fund.

This year—for the first time—

School principal Ivon Greene uses early light for review just before setting off on bird-watching jaunt.

Eight years at St. Paul's, the Rev. and Mrs. Allen McCaul are veteran birders.

"breakfast day" was cold and windy, but even this failed to dampen enthusiasm. A tally showed 260 persons stayed for the meal, bracing themselves with 360 cups of coffee. Mrs. Allen P. McCaul, the pastor's wife, kept warm only after donning her son's long underwear, two shirts, three sweaters, a jacket, slacks, and a wind-breaking plastic raincoat.

The bird breakfasts are increasing in popularity each time, largely because bird watchers in Manitowoc are not just once-a-year dabblers. Interest in birds has built up over the years, especially since 1942. In that year Miss Lillian Marsh, a St. Paul's member, began holding private bird-breakfast outings for her friends. She donated her idea in 1952 when her Circle was seeking a different money-making project. Since then the official board has sponsored the event.

Considering the long experience of many St. Paul's watchers, it is not unusual that several often identify more than 80 species before a breakfast. Last year's champion found 95!

St. Paul's members say they will brook no talk about discontinuing the bird breakfasts when the new-church fund is complete. For besides being healthful and educational, these are gatherings the entire congregation can enjoy. That makes bird watching, St. Paul's style, close to the ideal all-church event.

Name Your Hobby

If you have a hobby that might interest 900,000 TOGETHER subscribers, why not share your experiences with them? Start the ball rolling by writing to Hobby Editor, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Meanwhile, we'll continue to publish names of other hobbyists each month. You'll be listed if you send your name, address, and hobby interest to the address above. (Pen Pal entries are limited to those 18 or under.)—EDS.

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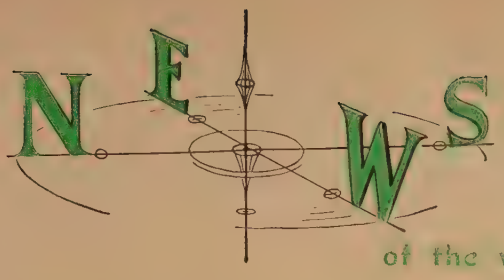


CHURCHES TACKLE BIG-CITY BLIGHT

Methodists are breathing new life into run-down churches in the blighted sections of five big cities—Boston, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Chicago, and Newark.

With the growth of industry and the rush to the suburbs, dozens of once-flourishing churches are standing forlorn and virtually unused in many cities from coast to coast. Their neighborhoods have gone downhill—but *people* still live here, and these are families the church now intends to reach.

"We've neglected these blighted areas far too long," says the Rev. Robert A. McKibben, of the Division of National Missions.

Let's take a look at this exciting new mission work around the country.

New England Methodists started in Boston's South End—80 acres of slums, crammed with 54,000 underprivileged and low-salaried people. They found drunkenness, prostitution and robbery commonplace. Garbage is dumped in the streets. Recently a tenement collapsed, killing one woman and striking fear into neighborhood residents.

But now a Methodist task force has moved in to aid four South End churches. First, it is stepping up pastoral visiting, and work among youth and transients. Workers are to operate from a street-level headquarters. Ministers and other expert counselors are endeavoring to reach those who have not been attending church. While the headquarters' main mission is spiritual, it is working also on health and welfare problems.

Baltimore Methodists are tackling a slightly different situation. There five old churches are floundering within a mile of each other. They lack the funds, equipment and lay leadership to minister to families in blighted areas.

A special committee looked into the situation and made recommendations. Then, with these as a guide, Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam formed the South Baltimore Parish and appointed three full-time, better-paid pastors to serve all five churches. The churches now are submitting individual budgets as part of an over-all parish budget, and arranging morning worship services co-operatively. Soon they will have co-ordinated programs in religious education, youth work, and community service.

There's plenty of action in Cincinnati, too, where five struggling downtown churches are pooling resources to do a better job. This summer they jointly sponsored two vacation schools and made plans to step up youth work. Two of the churches, four blocks apart, now are operating as a single unit and may merge soon.

In Chicago and Newark, other "inner-city" churches have been singled out for new help. Chicago minister Eugene Vandoske recently moved his family from a fast-growing suburban church to one within a few blocks of the Union Stock Yards.

"As Christians we should try to do something about the blight of these inner cities," he declared. "No mission is more urgent."

Methodists Rally to Support of Church-Related Schools

U.S. Methodists are pledging all-out support to scores of church-related colleges and universities.

Your share will average about $1.30.

With that extra bit, The Methodist Church hopes to glean millions of dollars annually for additional aid—possibly $100 million by 1960.

Already, the church is on the way.

Fifty-four of Methodism's 100 annual conferences have adopted the $1.30 per member goal; some even more. Northwest Texas is seeking $2.30 per member; Pacific Northwest, $1.50; and North Dakota, $1.40. Fourteen conferences have adopted lesser goals.

In 1956, per-member support amounted to about 60 cents—52 cents to schools, eight cents to Wesley Foundations.

Church leaders say the new drive is urgent. Without more funds and equipment, small colleges will face their worst crisis. Bradshaw Mintener, Washington, D.C., attorney and Methodist layman, forecasts fewer colleges in the next 20 years. Those that are poorly financed and have less than 400 students will either close or be consolidated, he predicts.

Bishop Donald H. Tippett, San Francisco, is alarmed, too. The number of students attending church-related schools is dropping too fast, he warns. From 100 per cent in 1636, the number dropped to 60 per cent in 1900, and

It's a record! Five scouts from one Methodist church—Elston Avenue, Chicago—attended the Scout World Jamboree in England. From left, Donald Whitney, Kenneth Thorson, Jr., Warren Schimpff, Wayne Schimpff, Paul Vogt, and the Rev. Paul O. Whittle, pastor. The scouts are members of the church's Explorer Post 2962.

METHODIST ALMANACK

A Miscellaney of Dates & Divers Interesting Matters for People Called Methodist

Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy—B. Franklin

SEPTEMBER hath XXX days — 9th Month

There was that nameless splendor everywhere,
That wild exhilaration in the air,
Which makes the passers in the city street
Congratulate each other as they meet—Longfellow

15	S	Church-School Rally Day in many conferences
16	M	Mayflower Pilgrims sail for New World, 1620
17	Tu	Constitution Day Special convention completes draft, 1787
18	W	Cornerstone of U. S. Capitol laid, 1793
19	Th	*'Tis easy to be brave from a safe distance*
20	Fr	Board of Lay Activities meets, Chicago
21	Sa	French Republic proclaimed, 1792
22	S	World Service Sunday
23	M	Autumnal equinox: *Fall falls, leaves leave*
24	Tu	Recall often Proverbs 16:32
25	W	Balboa claims Pacific Ocean for Spain, 1513
26	Th	New England Methodism starts, 1789
27	Fr	*Try to please all, and you please none*
28	Sa	Frances Willard, crusading temperance (WCTU) and woman's suffrage leader, b. 1839
29	S	Christian Education Week
30	M	Babe Ruth socks record 60th home run, 1927

■ Circuit rider Jesse Lee felt it his mission to establish Methodism in Puritan New England. Appointed to the task in June by Bishop Asbury, he worked three months before he induced three women in Stratfield, Conn., to form first society, Sept. 26, another three months until a second was established. Often denied a meetinghouse for his preaching, Lee would stand in streets or fields, sing hymns "in a style that left little use for church bells to call together his congregation."

OCTOBER hath XXXI days — 10th Month

The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of Autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on—Bryant

1	Tu	Debut of H. Ford's Model T auto, 1908
2	W	Time to write new friends met on vacation
3	Th	*Oft a little morning rain*
4	Fr	*foretells a pleasant day*
5	Sa	Selkirk (Robinson Crusoe) stranded, 1704
6	S	World-wide Communion Sunday
7	M	First Wesley hymnals in U. S., 1769
8	Tu	Great Chicago fire touched off, 1871
9	W	*A good example is the best sermon*
10	Th	J. Wesley appointed to Georgia, 1735
11	Fr	Geo. Williams, YMCA founder (1844), b. 1821
12	Sa	Columbus Day Lookout spots Bahamas, 2 A. M., 1492
13	S	White House marks 165th year
14	M	National Bible Week *Brown bread and the gospel is good fare*

■ St. George's Church, Philadelphia, ordered hymnals containing 400 works by C. Wesley, the first printed and bound in America. You can see one of these and many other rare Methodist items at St. George's today.

now stands at 45 per cent of the national college population.

Tax-supported schools are gaining the edge. So smaller schools face a real battle for support and survival.

But Methodists are rallying to this need.

Thus far, 74 conferences have organized special commissions on Christian higher education. Fourteen of these have full-time directors.

Million-dollar fund campaigns have been launched in many conferences. North and South Georgia are shooting for $2 million for six Methodist colleges in the state; Kansas, $1,540,000 for Baker University and Wesley Foundations; Detroit and Michigan, $1 million for a Wesley Foundation capital fund; Tennessee, $1 million for Martin College; Illinois, $1,585,000; Western North Carolina, $3 million; Peninsula, $1.5 million; St. Louis, $1 million; Rock River, $1.5 million; and Ohio, $4 million, of which $3.2 million already has been raised.

Part of this money will be used to boost faculty salaries. In order to compete in the professional labor market, experts say, current faculty pay should be raised 75 to 80 per cent. By 1970 it should have doubled its present level. To meet this need alone, some estimate that about $200 million a year will be needed.

62 % of People in America Now Are Members of Churches

Overflow churches? It's a growing problem. U.S. church membership jumped 3 per cent to an all-time high in 1956, says the National Council of Churches.

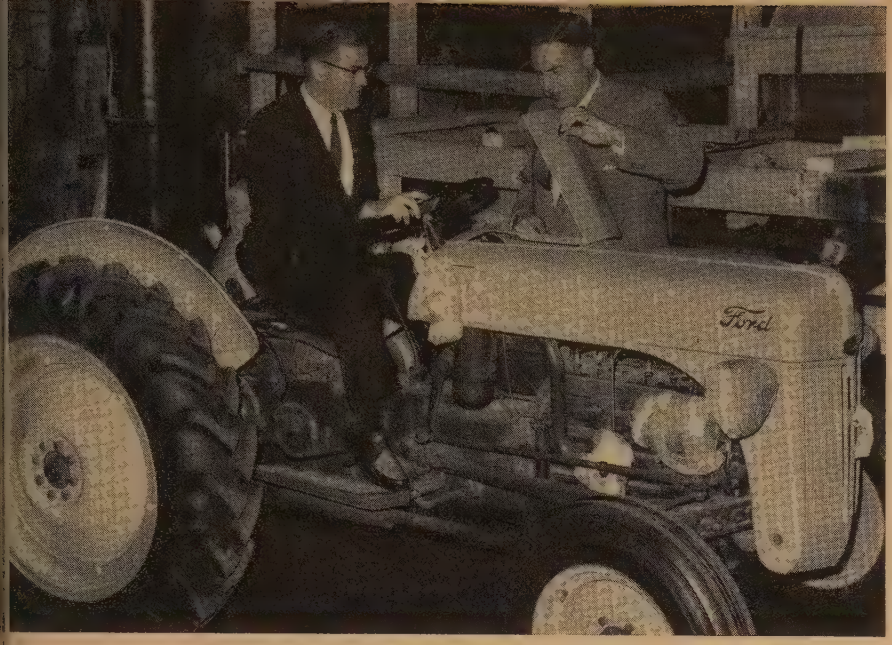
The new record: 103,224,954 for all faiths—up more than three million over the previous year. This means that 62 out of every 100 Americans are members of a church or synagogue. A century ago the figure was only 20 out of 100. It also means membership gained nearly twice the estimated 1.7 per cent population rise.

The 1958 *Yearbook of American Churches,* published by the National Council, breaks down church membership this way: Protestants—60,148,980, an increase of 1,700,000 over 1955—Roman Catholics, 34,563,851, up 1,167,204—Jews, 5,500,000, unchanged since 1955—Eastern Orthodox communicants, 2,598,055, up 212,000.

(The Roman Catholic Church considers all baptized persons, including infants, as church members. Most Protestant church bodies—except Lutheran and Episcopal—count only those young people and adults who have attained full membership.)

The church is making gains all along the line.

Church-school enrollment is up 2.5



Methodist Board of Missions executives inspect a tractor bound for Angola, Africa. It is one of 12 pieces of used farm equipment that Vern L. Schield, businessman of Waverly, Iowa, bought, reconditioned, and sold at cost to the board. At wheel, the Rev. C. M. Blake; standing, the Rev. H. B. Kirkland, Division of World Missions.

er cent for a new high of about 40 million; local congregations are up ,198 to 308,647; pastors with charges re up 13,000 to 235,000. Last—but qually important—people are giving nore support. The average churchoer last year gave $54—up eight per ent over 1955. And churchmen poured 40 millions more into new buildings—whopping total of $775 millions in 12 nonths!

owa Corn Planters to Africa

American business is giving a lift o a Methodist mission in Angola, frica.

Fifteen pieces of farm equipment ave been shipped to the station, at Quéssua, by Vern L. Schield of Wavrly, Iowa. Schield is president of a orporation that manufactures power ranes and excavators. His idea: buy sed farm machinery, recondition it, nd sell it at *cost* to mission boards. Already he has sold to Presbyterian and Church of God groups, now to Methodists.

Schield, who attends the Methodist hurch at Waverly, hit on the idea while traveling overseas on business. The Angola shipment—valued at $2,212—included a tractor, cement mixer, corn planter, sheller, and other quipment.

Hindus Attack U.S. Missions

Fanatic Hindus are trying to wreck nission work and destroy the Christian church in India. So says the Rev. Akbar Abdul Haqq (see page 19, August Together), a Methodist minister and school principal in India.

Haqq blames the situation on early missionaries who did not try harder to convert the upper classes, especially those who were Hindus. Today, Haqq said, a majority of upper-class Indians look on Christianity as a religion for the poor, the uneducated, and the "untouchable." Hindus also have spread rumors that American and British missionaries are agents of Western imperialism and colonialism.

One result has been restrictions on the number of missionaries, their activities, and their financial support.

But despite these difficulties, some Hindus are becoming Christians.

Church Relations Improving in Satellite Countries

What's happening to churches behind the Iron Curtain?

Traveling religious leaders—many of them in the U.S. for world church conferences—indicate the situation is brighter, at least on the surface.

In Hungary, church-state relations "have improved very much," according to Bishop Lajos Ordass, primate of the Lutheran Church there. Ordass visited the U.S. for the Lutheran World Federation Assembly in Minneapolis.

He said Hungarian church attendance had "increased considerably," and that religious instruction is permitted in public schools.

The 56-year-old bishop was reinstated as primate during last October's uprising. He had been imprisoned for two years—on trumped-up charges, he said

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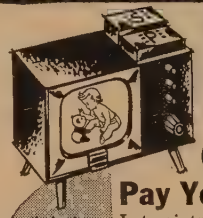

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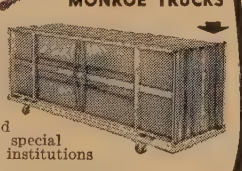

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—and served six years of forced "retirement."

In Poland, Roman Catholics have reported big gains under the Gomulka regime.

However, ecclesiastical appointments are subject to state approval, and the government still controls Catholic social welfare and educational institutions, according to press reports. "Intensive" atheistic campaigns continue throughout the country.

A former Methodist missionary to Poland, the Rev. Gaither P. Warfield, is cautiously optimistic. Returning from a visit to Poland, he reported more religious freedom existed there than in Spain, Portugal, and "certain other lands where one church dictates governmental relations with other churches."

The Methodist Church in Poland is a "vigorous denomination, with more than 15,000 adult members and 56 trained clergymen," he said. Warfield is general secretary of the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief.

Churchmen appear to be running into the toughest roadblocks in Czechoslovakia. Said a Protestant leader: It is plain that the Czech government still adheres to its anti-religious policy, so "our spiritual struggle will continue."

Recently, a Communist spokesman put it more bluntly. The party, he said, could not remain "indifferent" to the fact that religion has "seized" some Czech youth and still "influences" some party members.

In Eastern Europe, Christians are making heroic sacrifices to remain loyal to their faith, says Dr. Carl E. Lund-Quist, executive secretary of the Lutheran World Council.

But Western European churches are confronted with mass indifference. There, where living standards are high and churches are unrestricted, church attendance is low. There is "nothing remotely comparable" to the U.S. upsurge of religious interest, Lund-Quist reports.

West German Protestants are convinced that coexistence is not possible between Christian and Communist worlds. But in East Germany, says Pastor Martin Niemoller, Protestants "have learned to coexist despite sustained and subtle pressure from the Communists."

Push D.C. Protestant Center

Protestant expansion is big news in Washington, D.C.

Latest development is the purchase of 19 acres on Massachusetts Ave., for $1.5 million.

Speculation is that part of the property may be taken over by nearby American University, or may be the site of a new area Methodist headquarters building.

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Sibley Hospital (Methodist) also is negotiating for property near the university for a new medical center.

Both developments are linked to what Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam calls the creation of a "major Protestant center" in the nation's capital.

Westminster Theological Seminary will move from Westminster, Md., to the university campus next year, and become Wesley Seminary. A group of buildings costing $2 million is now under construction.

And President Eisenhower recently broke ground for American University's new $1.5 million School of International Service. (See July TOGETHER, pages 9 and 67.)

Church-State Issue Tested

Should public funds be used for parochial schools? This issue is being decided in eight states.

The outcome is important to taxpayers everywhere. On one side are supporters of parochial schools; on the other, those who oppose any weakening of traditional church-state separation.

Federal aid to education is involved, but Congress shoved this into the background when it defeated that administration bill. But there are other ramifications: Should public-school buses and school lunch programs be used for parochial purposes; should public schools devote time to religious instruction; can the Ten Commandments be posted in public schools and grace said before meals?

It's a burning issue in Connecticut. Recently the legislature gave towns authority to decide whether parochial children will be transported in public school buses. The bill squeaked through by one vote after Roman Catholics threatened to vote out of office any who opposed the measure, according to press reports. Now a move is under way to include this legislation as part of the state constitution.

Two Methodist annual conferences opposed the Connecticut measure. New York East Conference censured the legislature and called for a quick test of the law's constitutionality. New England Southern Conference said the law violated freedom of conscience and state and federal constitutional rights. It offered its support in a test court case.

In Augusta, Me., a permanent injunction was issued forbidding the city council to spend public monies for bus transportation of parochial school children. Augusta voters approved such an expenditure in their recent local election.

The issue is before California voters, too. They will decide next year whether parochial schools should continue to enjoy tax exemption. Originally adopted

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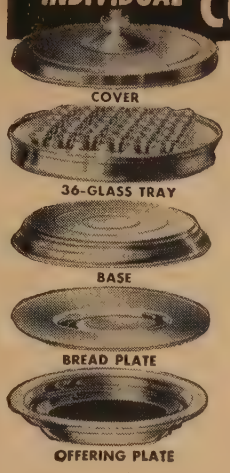

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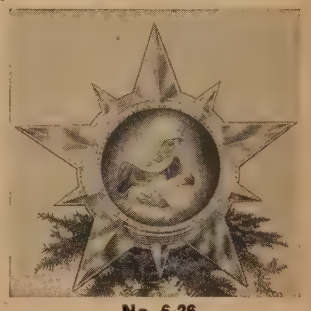

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by the state legislature in 1951, endorsed by the voters in 1952, and upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court in 1956, the law promises to be hotly debated at least until the 1958 elections; probably longer.

New Hampshire lawmakers defeated, for the third time, legislation requiring "relased-time" from school for religious education. Forty-six of the 48 states have approved similar laws.

In Woonsocket, R.I., the issue concerning free use of public schools for summer Roman Catholic instruction classes will be discussed by the state board of education at its first meeting this fall. The schools have been used for this purpose since 1940. "Adequate rental" would make the action "legitimate," says the Woonsocket District Ministers' Association.

A similar situation exists at Whitesboro, N.Y., where a school board decision is expected soon on whether public school buildings can be used for released-time religious instruction. Protestant and Roman Catholic churches have offered instruction in the schools for about 10 years. However, a citizen's group protested, and, according to a school district attorney, the group probably will win out.

In New Hyde Park, N.Y., the state education commissioner has ordered the Nassau County school district not to place the Ten Commandments in school rooms. His reason: this display probably would create dissension and bitterness and would not increase respect for the Decalogue, because the version proposed was "interdenominational," said by some to represent a "strange, new, hybrid religion" evolving in the public schools. Such a version has been posted in Huntingdon, N.Y., schools for three years with no opposition.

In Youngstown, Ohio, the mayor approved posting the Ten Commandments in the city hall. The Youngstown Civil Liberties Union opposed the step, citing questions of constitutionality and propriety.

The attorney general of New Jersey was expected this month to put before the state legislature an amendment which would allow schools to revive the custom of saying grace before lunch. Earlier, he had ruled the practice illegal. Reading five verses from the Old Testament—without comment—and repeating the Lord's Prayer are permitted, because they are considered nonsectarian. Involved in the dispute are the Edgewater Park schools, which abandoned the saying of grace after one citizen protested. Schools later resumed grace when 900 citizens petitioned officials.

And in Illinois, the state House of Representatives has amended the school lunch program to bring private and parochial schools back into the plan.

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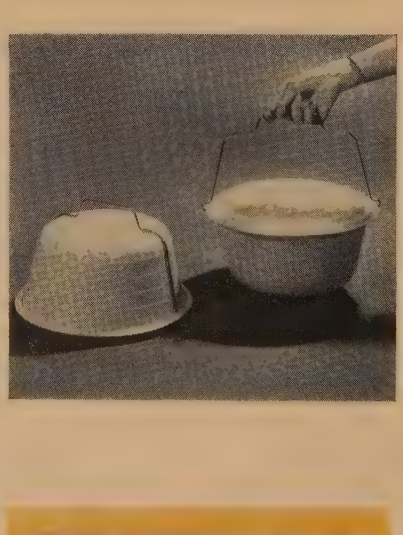

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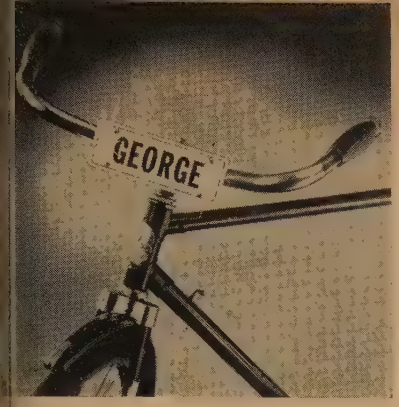

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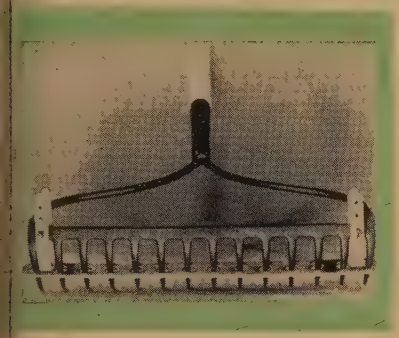

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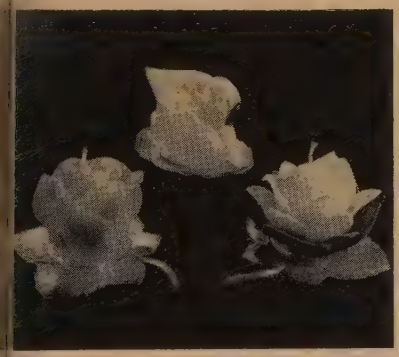

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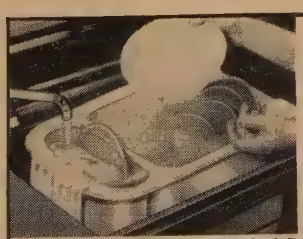

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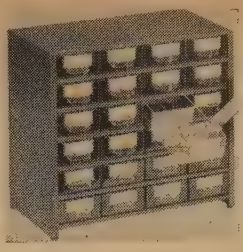

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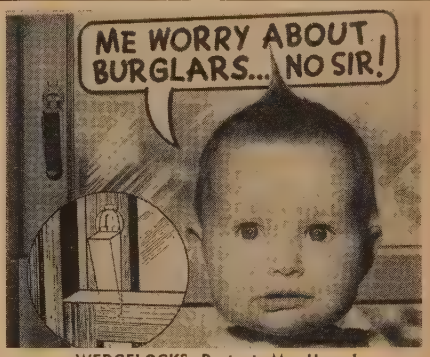

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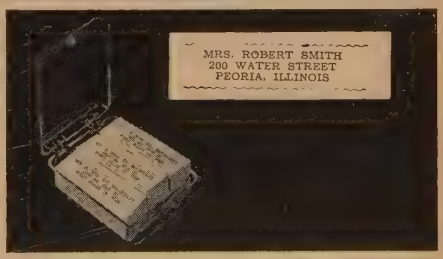

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Charles W. Ferguson

Let's Get Acquainted

ONE DAY, back in the Roaring 20s, H. L. Mencken stopped short as he read an article on Texas politics. It was a piece that had everything—deft touch, keen insight, lean wordage. Promptly, he invited the author to contribute to *The American Mercury*.

It was an invitation that helped swing **Charles W. Ferguson** toward a lifetime editorial chair. But instead of lessening, it intensified his interest in religious subjects. Even when he moved from his native Texas to New York to be near literary markets, he continued studies at Union Theological Seminary.

For the last two decades he has been a member of *The Reader's Digest* staff. With such a background, it was only natural that we should invite him to write our long-projected article on Charles Wesley. The result: *He Made Methodists Sing*. Everyone who knows "Fergie" knows he writes with a conscience; there's no side-stepping tough issues when he sits at a typewriter. You'll notice it when you read pages 23-25. It's as he told us: "I could not in good conscience gloss over some of Charles' meaner traits. It seems to me that these are needed to sharpen the significance of the good." We know you'll agree—as we do.

•

Rearing a brood of children hasn't dampened **Dorothy Van Ark's** sense of humor. When we asked her how she came to write *I Can't Afford a Baby Sitter* (page 47), she replied that she tried "to peddle this idea to editors a couple of years ago" but was turned down because those gentlemen feared "a flood of irate letters." Then she suggested that maybe we had better not introduce her to you in this column "until you find out if readers want to get acquainted with this woman or would prefer to shoot her." Well, we know you'll enjoy her stimulating article. And we can tell you that Mrs. Van Ark has been writing ever since she returned from her honeymoon 16 years ago and, as she puts it, "made the rash statement, 'Now that I have some time on my hands, I think I'll make some extra money.'" She lives in Boulder, Colo.

•

If you'd been on St. Simons Island off the Georgia coast a few weeks back, you'd have seen a busy artist scurrying from one historic spot to another in his rented English car. The man concerned was our own **Floyd Johnson,** TOGETHER's art editor and water-colorist par excellence. His assignment was to recreate the scenes when the Wesleys first launched their mission in America. How well did he carry it out? We think top-rate. Take a look at pages 34-42 and see if you don't agree. Only one trouble: Floyd's already talking about his 1958 vacation. Wants to go to St. Simons.

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)o this
ı remembrance
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'orld Protestants Join
2000-year-old Rite

On Sunday, Oct. 6, millions of otestants throughout the world will ry forward a sacred ceremony that gan in old Jerusalem 20 centuries ago. As churchgoers kneel before altar and ancel, as prayers are said and hymns e sung, the plates and vessels of Holy mmunion will be passed:

"This is my body which is for you. o this in remembrance of me...This p is the new covenant in my blood. o this, as often as you drink it, in remembrance of me."

World-wide Communion Sunday, w an annual event, actually will be- n at the international date line in the cific. Rites will take place on such re- ote island groups as Fiji, Samoa, and nga, where thousands of natives have come Christians. Communion will be served in Australia and India, as orning moves around the curve of the rth toward the United States.

How has Communion, as old as ristianity itself, been passed down rough the centuries?

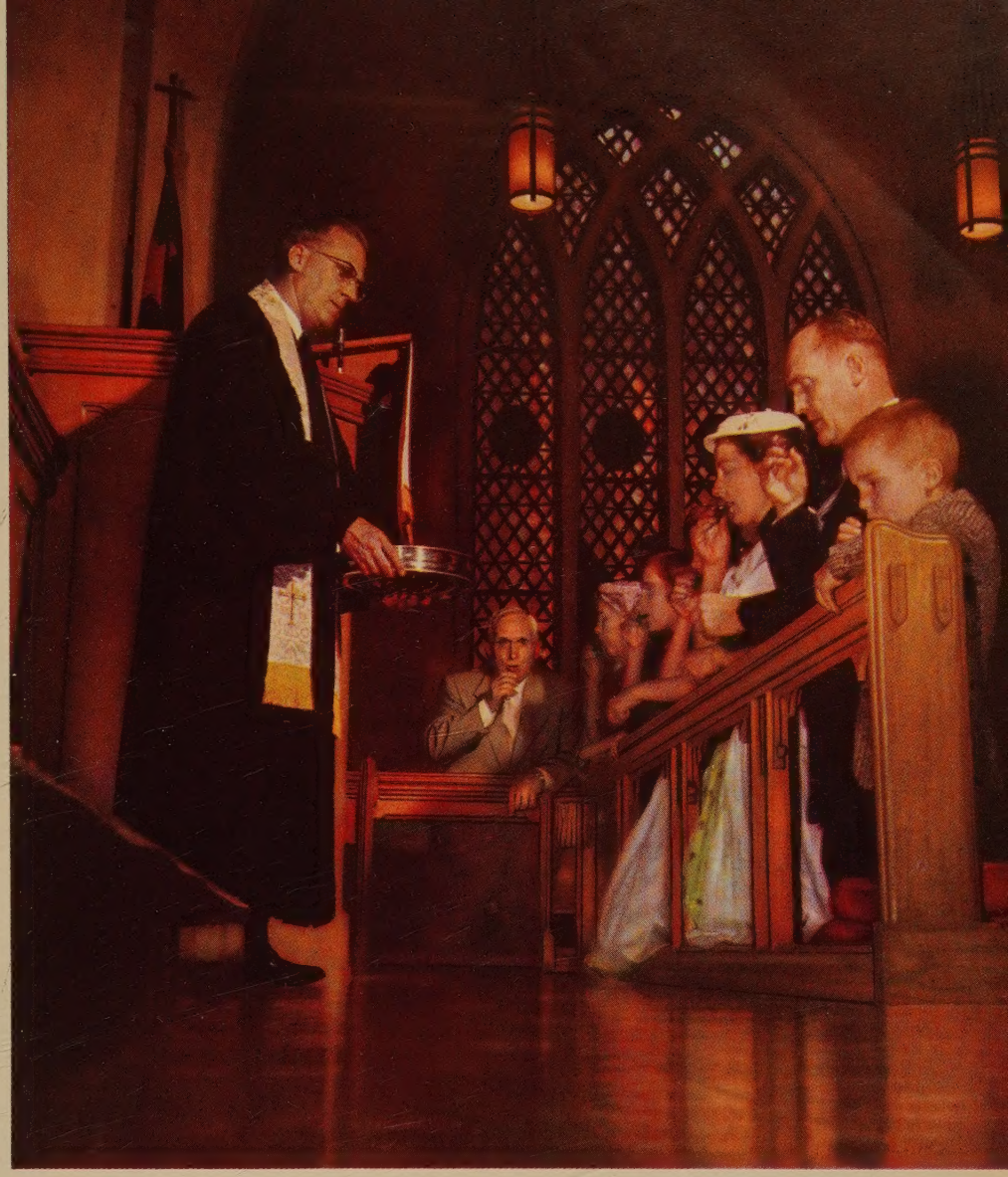
While ceremonies may differ somehat from church to church, the purse and symbolism remain much as ey were intended to be during the st Supper in the upper room—the eveng before Jesus was crucified.

"And as they were eating, he took ead, and blessed, and broke it, and ve it to them, and said, 'Take; this is y body.' And he took a cup, and when had given thanks he gave it to them, d they all drank of it. And he said to em, 'This is my blood of the covenant, hich is poured out for many. Truly, I y to you, I shall not drink again of the uit of the vine until that day when I ink it new in the kingdom of God.' "

The apostles who shared Communion ith Christ that fateful night carried on e ceremony as they went out to preach e gospel. Communion survived into e Middle Ages, although for a time it as shrouded by exaggerations and suerstitions. Priests abused the sacrament gain personal power. Then during e Middle Ages, too, Communion fired fresh fervor and the crusaders rode it in search of the Holy Grail—the cup om which Jesus and the apostles drank. ealots waged war to find it.

Men have sought the Holy Grail through the ages. Many believed it had been found in 1910 when a group of Arab workmen uncovered a large cup while digging near the ruins of the ancient city of Antioch. The famed chalice of Antioch, now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, is actually two cups—one within the other. The outer cup is decorated with 12 seated figures and has a base of solid silver.

Most authorities now doubt that the chalice of Antioch is the Holy Grail. They concede, however, that the chalice is perhaps the oldest Communion cup in existence, that it may date as far back as 350 A.D. Certainly, it is one of the most significant pieces of early Christian silverwork in existence and connects us with some 16 centuries of Christian faith and practice.

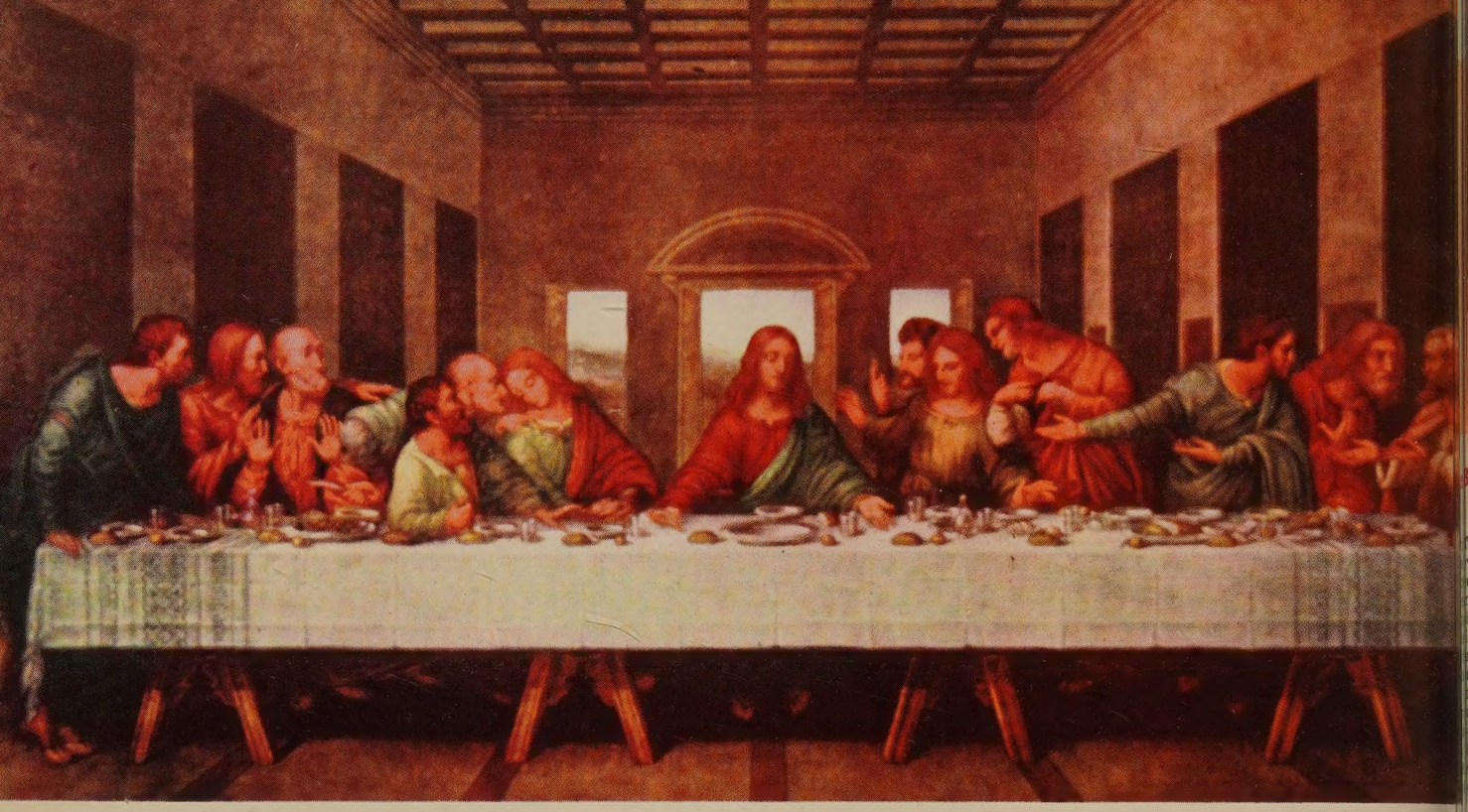


Typifying the sacred service of Communion everywhere is this rite at the First Methodist Church of La Grange, Ill., with Dr. Lester R. Minion before the chancel.

Parts of the ritual associated with Communion go back to the early centuries when the chalice of Antioch was used; other parts are as new as the newest denomination. The beautiful prayer of consecration is in the language of St. Paul who, in his letters, admonished the early Christians to bring proper reverence to Communion.

Many have believed that the ceremony actually transforms wine into the blood of Christ, the broken bread into his flesh. Such beliefs have been gradually discarded, especially since the Protestant Reformation. There is no suggestion that the broken bread and the cup of wine are more than symbols—that they *represent* the broken body and the blood of Christ.

John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, did not assign any magical power



It began here: The Last Supper, *Leonardo da Vinci's well-known painting of the scene in the upper room as Jesus broke bread and passed the cup of wine to institute the sacrament of Communion as it comes down to the Christian church of modern times*

to the sacrament of our Communion.

"Much harm is done by exaggerating the venerableness of it," he said. "Proposing it as an object of fear rather than love deters multitudes from receiving it." Of the seven sacraments of the medieval church, Wesley urged only two be retained—those of Baptism and Communion.

Why, then, the setting aside of one day each year as World-wide Communion Sunday?

On this Sunday, with a special offering, the Christian in reality shares his bread and drink with the less fortunate. Methodists on five continents and the far-flung islands will take part in the offering. The total collection, and portions of those received on following Communion Sundays, will be earmarked for the Fellowship of Suffering and Service. The Council on World Service and Finance will distribute half of the proceeds to the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, one quarter each to the Commission on Chaplains and the Commission on Camp Activities.

"It will be a foretaste of the day when there shall be bread and wine for all," wrote George W. Stafford of Drew Theological Seminary, "when labor and life shall be so organized that Christ will not only come to us in Holy Communion but will be welcomed in marts and streets by all men everywhere."

Did Christ drink from the chalice of Antioch? Doubtful, but this may be the oldest Communion cup in existence.

For 2,000 years the Last Supper has challenged the imagination of Christians. Here is an example of its dramatization by Methodist Men at Portsmouth, Va.

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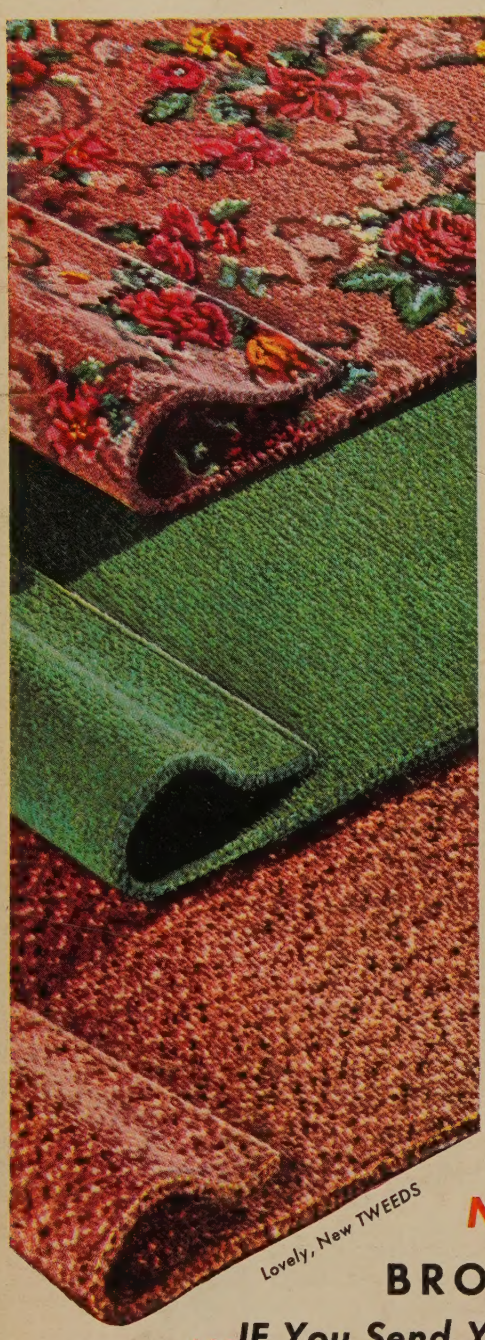

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